THE HUMOURS OF THE ARMY.

A COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

By Mr. *SHADWEL.*

LONDON,

Printed for *James Knapton*, at the *Crown* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard. 1713.

Price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

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TO THE

HONOURABLE

Major-General *NEWTON*,

Governour of *London-Derry*, &c.

THE Honour of ſerving under You in *Portugal*, when You commanded the *Britiſh* Forces there, let me ſo far into Your Favour and Friendſhip, as now to beg You would take the following Scenes into Your Protection, as You have always done the Author of 'em.

'Tis a receiv'd Notion, that Dedications are ſtuff'd with fulſome Praiſes, and our Patrons loaded with Virtues, Honours, Pedigrees, and Heroick Actions, which, without very good Proof, the World will not allow belongs to them.

Now I can never fall into that Error, becauſe the whole Army will juſtifie, that all I can ſay that is Great, Good, Generous, and Friendly, are Qualities You are intirely Maſter of.

Were I to mention Your Conduct and Management in our Expedition into *Spain*, at a diſmal Seaſon; with a ſick Army, and great Scarcity of Proviſions; not only our own Forces, but the *Portugueſe* Generals, would joyn with me in ſaying You acted Miracles. The many Wounds and Scars you have got in the Service of Your Queen and Country, are ſevere Marks of Your Courage and Gallantry.

The entire Love and Affection all the Officers in Your Regiment declare for You, are convincing Proofs of Your Juſtice and Generoſity.

His Grace the Duke of *Ormond*'s truſting You with the Government of *Londonderry*, is a certain Sign of Your Faithful Services, Loyal Principles, and Zeal to Monarchy: Such Good Men as You, will

will always find the Favour of that Great Man.

I ſhould make Apologies for troubling You with my Humours; but I frankly own, my Dedication is not ſo much in the Behalf of the Play, as in the Vanity of letting the World know Two Things: Firſt, That I have the Honour of being intimately known to You: And Secondly, That I am,

Your much Oblig'd,

Faithful, Obedient,

Humble Servant,

CHARLES SHADWEL.

THE

THE

PREFACE.

THE *Succeſs of this Play was much beyond what the Author could expect, and as much as any one that writes to the Stage can hope for.*

The Care the Managers took in getting up the Play, the Zeal they ſhow'd in the Action, and the Life and Spirit Mr. Wilks *gave to it, are great Proofs of their Studying to oblige the Town with new Performances.*

Mrs. Mountford, *deſerves a great deal of Praiſe; and the whole Company perform'd with abundance of good Nature.*

It was whiſper'd about before the Play was Acted, there was reflecting Things in it againſt a certain Party; but that malicious Story did it no harm.

It would be Impertinent to go about to juſtify the Play; becauſe a prodigious full third Night, and a very good Sixth, are prevailing Arguments in its Behalf.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

Spoke by Mr. BOOTH.

IN former Days, e're Party rag'd ſo high,
The Theatre's claim'd the Monopoly
Of Wit, to grace the Britiſh *Comedy.*
Now Wit and Satyr ſpent in Pamphlet Wars,
Labour each Hour to inflame our Party-Farrs;
Forſake their ancient Mart, the Comic Scene,
And raiſe our Mirth no more, but feed our Spleen.
Hopeleſs to make the Fugitives return,
Our Author only can their Abſence mourn.
He nor to Wit, nor Satyr, dares pretend,
But much upon his Humour does depend.
In Portugal *he has laid the following Scene;*
Without the Expence, the Voyage, or the Pain,
You ſee a Foreign Camp in Drury-Lane.
His Characters of ſeveral Nations are
Such as when joyn'd, compoſe the Groſs of War.
The various Humours of the differing Breed,
Diſplay which Britiſh *is, which* Iriſh *Seed;*
Which ſprung on this Side, which beyond the Tweed.
The Accent, Manner, Wit and Breeding, ſhew
In what kind Clime the youthful Plant did grow;
And though Tranſplanting can't affect the Root,
The foſter Earth improves or ſpoils the Fruit:
Yet not ſo far, but to diſcerning Eyes,
Some inbred Mark betrays its genial Riſe.
For Britain's *Sons, by their Fore-father's led*
To neighbouring Realms, in differing Manners bred;
Some Tincture of the Foreign Soil they have,
But ſtill retain to be by Nature brave.
Howe'er in private Conteſts they cabal,
Shew 'em a Foe, you'll find 'em Britain's *all:*
All Toils, all Hazards, they'll united dare,
They'll bravely conquer, and as bravely ſpare.
Our Author then applies himſelf to thoſe,
Whoſe Arms ſo oft have prov'd a Terror to our Foes.
He ever truly lov'd the Sons of Fame,
And humbly hopes none will miſtake his Aim:
He frankly owns he has his utmoſt done
To raiſe your Mirth, and give Offence to none.

ACTOR's

ACTOR's NAMES.

MEN.

Brigadier *Bloodmore*, Commander in Chief.	Mr. *Keene.*
Colonel *Hyland*, A *North-Britain.*	Mr. *Bullock*, Sen.
Major *Cadwalader*, A *Welsh* Man.	Mr. *Dogget.*
Major *Outside.* An *Irish* Man.	Mr. *Cibber.*
Captain *Mattematicks*, A *French* Ingineer.	Mr. *Bowen.*
Major *Young Fox*, A gay airy young Fellow.	Mr. *Wilks.*
Captain *Wildish*, } Friends to *Young Fox.*	Mr. *Booth.*
Captain *Hearty*, }	Mr. *Mills.*
Wilmot, A Gentleman, who in a Soldier's Habit, goes by the Name of *Straitup.*	Mr. *Powel.*
Biſket, The *Santiſta*, who ſupplies the Army with Bread and Forrage.	Mr. *Pinkethman.*
Blunder, Lieutenant of Grenadeers.	Mr. *Leigh.*
Enſign, Rag.	Mr. *Bickerſtaff.*
Enſign, Standard.	Mr. *Ryans.*
Three other Officers to make up the Court-Martial.	
Judge Advocate.	Mr. *Bowman.*
His Clerk.	Mr. *Wright.*
Provoſt.	Mr. *Croſs.*
Serjeant *File-off.*	Mr. *Pack.*
Firſt Soldier.	Mr. *Spillar.*
Second Soldier.	Mr. *Johnſon.*

With ſeveral Others, and Criminals.

WOMEN.

Mrs. *Bloodmore*, The Brigadier's Lady.	Mrs. *Knight.*
Victoria, His Daughter.	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Leonora, His Ward.	Mrs. *Porter.*
Belvedera, The Female Officer.	Mrs. *Mountford.*
Clara, Her Maid diſguis'd like a Footman.	Mrs. *Younger.*
Firſt Trull.	Mr. *Norris.*
Second Trull.	Mr. *Bullock*, Jun.

SCENE *The Camp, near* Elvas.

Time Six Hours.

THE HUMOURS OF THE ARMY.

ACT I. SCENE *The Camp.*

Enter Captain Hearty, *and Captain* Wildish.

Hearty. A Good Day to my dear Friend, what News have you?

Wildish. I have been with the General to reconnoitre the Enemy, they have not dis-turb'd our Forragers, but lie within their own Camp very quiet.

Hearty. Sure, if the Marquess *De Bay* had a true Intelligence of the Weakness of our Intrenchments, and the Mortality of our Men, he would have attack'd us before now.

Wildish. In all the Campaigns I have serv'd on these Frontiers, I never knew it so sickly; the General continues very much out of Order at *Estremoz*, they think both the Major Generals will die, and my Brigadeer was carried to *Elvas* last Night.

Hearty. Then at preſent Brigadeer *Bloodmore* commands our Forces.

Wildiſh. Moſt certainly.

Hearty. The Death of half a Dozen of theſe great Men, would make a fine Alteration in our Titles.

Wildiſh. I will aſſure you, *Bloodmore* could obſerve you were not at his Levee this Morning.

Hearty. Why? I was upon the Piquet, where, you know, Drinking hard is the main Part of the Duty——beſides, I never appear at the General's but upon Buſineſs, for I can't flatter, and have a Stiffneſs between my Shoulders, that makes me incapable of Bowing low; the Noiſe of the Peace gives me no Proſpect of riſing, being pretty well aſſur'd, the youngeſt Captain of an old Regiment, muſt wait for another War to get a better Title.

Wildiſh. Why! I was once of the Gang of thoſe ſilly Fellows, whoſe Ambition climb'd no higher than a Company in an old Regiment, which gave me a very diſtant Proſpect of being provided for in Peace, when 'twas fifty to one I was knock'd of the Head before the War was over.

Hearty. Humane Nature has always imprinted in us a Deſire for the Something above us, it gives us a Rotation of Uneaſineſs; and ſcarce in an Age do we meet with a Man that ſits down pleas'd with his Condition; but we all lay Schemes, and make the preſent Time a Plague to us, in ſeeking after the next Plague, which is ſtill to make us but the more miſerable.

Wild. The Fever, or the Bullet converts us to Duſt and Aſhes, and our next Heirs are left at Liberty to play the Fool after the ſame Manner, but hang theſe diſmal Reflections.

Hear. Is there no Courier from *Lisbon*, or News of a Packet from *England*?

Wild. We hourly expect one——ſince our Forces have been ill, the *Portugueze* avoid us, and what is ſtrange not of their Men have the Diſtemper amongſt them.

Hea

Hear. Their Beads, the Prieſt's Bleſſing, and their Garlick are ſtrong Preſervatives of Health —— But ſee, either my Sight fails me, or that Officer coming this Way, is my dear Major *Young Fox.*

Wild. And with him a clever Parcel of Recruits.

Heart. They come to our Regiment very apropo, for we have ſcarce Men enough to mount the Guard.

Enter Major Young Fox, Wilmot *in Granadeer's Cloaths, Serjeant* File-off, *ſeveral other Recruits with two Soldier's Wives.*

Y. Fox. Dear *Charles!*

Hear. Dear Major!

Y. Fox. Dear *Frank,* (to *Wildiſh,*) I'm intirely yours!

Wild. Dear Boy! I'm over-joy'd to ſee you well.

Y. Fox. I am very much ſurpriz'd to find you ſo; for on our March, we heard a raging Sickneſs had ſwept moſt of you away.

Wild. The Diſtemper and falſe Muſters have taken off moſt of our Men; but prethee, what News from *England?* I know thou'rt a conciſe pretty Fellow, that can abreviate an Account, without giving us Cauſe to ask impertinent Queſtions.

Y. Fox. I left all our Friends well at *London,* paid my Taylor's Bill, which was due laſt Voyage, adjuſted my Accounts with our Rogue of an Agent, gave Security to St. *Martin's* for my Waſherwoman's Baſtard, mounted my Poſt-Horſe at Noon-Day, reach'd *Falmouth* the Moment the *Mercury* honeſt Captain *Green* was ſailing, which had on Board my ſtrapping Recruits, reach'd *Lisbon* in five Days; and after a fatiguing March of ten more, am this Moment arrived to my great Satisfaction, having met with my two beſt Friends.

Heart. Well! But prethee—— (*pulling him.*)

Wild. P'ſhaw *Hearty!* Hold thy Tongue, and let me ask him ſome Queſtions—— (*pulling him.*)

Y. Fox. Looky' Gentlemen! Theſe haling Digreſſions of yours will very much prolong the Time my Story might be told in; come not within Arm's Length of me, and I will give you all the News, all the Scandal, all the Faſhions, and all the Pleaſures of the Town?

Heart. and *Wild.* } Agreed then.

Y. Fox. Firſt I left our Royal Miſtreſs in a very good State of Health, Reigning intirely in the Hearts of Her People, whoſe Repreſentatives are doing Wonders; and by their well-timed Zeal, and vaſt Supplies, ſhow the World they are ſtill able to Balance *Europe*'s Power?

Heart. and *Wild.* } Very good.

Y. Fox. The Taxes are paid chearfully, there's no Diſcount upon *Exchequer* Bills, and honeſt Soldiers are truſted by every Body. St. *James*'s Coffee-Houſe is full of grave States-men, whimſical Gentry, and coxcomby Phyſicians. *Young Man*'s is fill'd with Military Beau's, Sea Gentlemen, and Admiralty Clerks. *Garraway*'s with Knaves, Aldermen, Agents, Commiſſioners of *Exciſe*, and now and then a ſtraggling Beau. And the *Court of Requeſt* with Country Gentlemen, Petitioners, Freeholders, Sheriffs, and Politicians that hate Buſineſs. The Women of Quality have that diſcerning Taſte of good Senſe, that they always croud the front Boxes at a good Play: And our rakely young Fellows, live as much by their Wits as ever; and to avoid the clinking Dun of a Box-keeper, at the End of one Act, they ſneak to the oppoſite Side 'till the End of another; then call the Box-keeper ſaucy Raſcal, ridicule the Poet, laugh at the Actors, march to the Opera, and ſpunge away the reſt of the Evening. The Women of the Town take their Places in the Pit, with their wonted Aſſurance. The middle Gallery is fill'd with the middle Part of the City: And your high exalted

exalted Galleries are grac'd with handſom Footmen, that wear their Maſter's Linen, and their Miſtreſſes Favours.

Wild. P'ſhaw! These are Generals, make haſte and come down to Particulars.

Y. Fox. Why! About three Months ſince in a Rencounter with a Lady, I got a Wound in my Conſtitution, which was patch'd up by *Puſture*.

Heart. With whoſe Help, I ſuppoſe, you flatter your ſelf you are ſound.

Y. Fox. As a military Conſtitution can be: In ſhort, I levee'd all the Generals, and riſing State's-men; I rak'd and broke Windows, talk'd Politicks, beat the Watch, and bilk'd Coach-men, went into Mourning for my Father, and was drawn into half a Dozen Duels on my Friends Account, and kill'd no Body; won Money at Gaming, and yet us'd no falſe Dice; I went through all the Pleaſures of the Town, without being a Bubble to any of them; ſaw all the handſome Women, without falling in Love; and am come to ſerve under our General, without Reluctancy.

Wild. Mighty conciſe truly.

Heart. Our Regiment is incamp'd on the Right of the Rear Line; you had beſt give Order, that your Men pitch your Tent next mine.

Y. Fox. My Bagage will be here immediately.

Wild. Is there any new Faſhions?

Y. Fox. This is my laſt new Coat, made exactly after the Manner of Beau *Whimſey*'s: This is the ſmart new faſhion Cock — and this is the genteel walking Air; we ſalute thus — we ogle as we us'd to do; we have cut off all the ſuperſtitious Ceremonies that attended our Love Paſſions, improve every Opportunity, come ſlap dash Alamode *de Paris* to the Queſtion at once; give the Women no Time to think of the Spirit, and you are ſure of their Perſons.

Heart. Who came over in the Packet with you?

Y. Fox. Half a Dozen very wretched Volunteers, with prodigious ſtrong Recommendations; and a Couple of ſmall Ware.

Ware Pedlars, who call themſelves *Lisbon* Merchants, of whom I bought theſe Baubles.

Enter as from Horſeback, Victoria *and* Leonora.

Vict. Did you obſerve *Leonora* the profound Reſpect we were received with, as we rid along the Line; my *Spaniſh* Jennet, was himſelf proud of my Father's Commanding the *Britiſh* Forces, and carried me with an Air of Greatneſs.

Leon. I never ſaw the Brigadeer look better than he does to Day, the Morning is extreamly fine.

Vict. I think our whole Family are pretty well ſeaſon'd with the Country, and could I diſengage my ſelf from the mean ſpirited Creature my Father has provided for a Husband, you and I ſhould paſs our Time moſt pleaſantly.

Leon. Prethee, pluck up a Spirit, and tell him down right, you won't be married.

Vict. He has been in every Thing elſe the beſt of Fathers, and if poſſible, I'll ſtrive to oblige him in this; though, if it were not for my Mother's Violence, I believe I might perſwade him from it, (eſpying young *Fox,*) Dear Child, what pretty Fellow is that with *Wildiſh* and *Hearty?*

Leon. 'Tis Major *Young Fox*—I ſuppoſe, juſt arrived from *England,* he will be the Talk of the Camp for one Month.

Vict. Prithee, why ſo?

Leon. For rakiſh Exploits—in *Lisbon,* every Street us'd to be alarmed by him; his Father died ſince he has been in *England,* and has left him a Thouſand Pound a Year, which will give him the Opportunity of committing a Thouſand more Vices than he us'd to do.

Vict. He's really a pretty Fellow, Why could not my Father have pick'd out ſuch a Man for me?

Leon. Oh fie Child! He's the wickedeſt young Fellow in the World, and won't ſuffer any Body to ſpeak in the Behalf of a virtuous Woman.

Vict.

Vict. If he's a Man of Senſe, that Wildneſs and Gayety will wear off.

Leon. Oh! Never! Never! He's a nauſeous Fellow, I can't help thinking the *Santiſta*, Mr. *Biſket*, a much more agreeable Man than he.

Vict. Now you rally me *Leonora*, I am but juſt come to bear the Sight of him, and fear I never can be brought to like him.

Leon. Mr. *Biſket*'s affable Temper and good Nature, will ſoon work upon you. (*The Gentlemen talk.*

Wild. Theſe are pretty Baubles for a Man of an Eſtate to murder Money with?

Heart. Very pretty Trifles truly.

Y. Fox. What charming Creatures are thoſe?

Heart. One is your old Friend *Leonora*, the Daughter of your late Colonel, who left her to the Care of the Brigadeer: And the other is Brigadeer *Bloodmore*'s Daughter, who with her Mother was ſent for from *Lisbon* on his late Illneſs; they ſay ſhe is to be married to Mr. *Biſket*, the *Santiſta*, who ſupplies the Army with Bread and Forrage.

Y. Fox. I proteſt ſhe has fine brilliant piercing Eyes, and therefore I'll forbid the Banes; ſhe gives me a pretty thrilling Pain about my Heart; ſhe ſets my Soul on Fire, and I muſt have her: Serjeant, prepare the Men for an Attack, I am reſolved to countermine *Biſket*, blow up all his Outworks, and take that fair Citadel Sword in Hand.

Wild. Moſt heroickly expreſs'd.

Y. Fox. Now will I fix my ſelf in a very languiſhing Poſture, fire both my Eyes at her, and I'll lay my Life on't, one of them ſhall do Execution in ſome Corner of her Heart; ha, Faith ſhe returns the Ogle! I am ſure ſhe muſt be a Prize —— (*Kiſſes his Hand*) Oh thoſe dear charming Eyes! have captivated my very Soul!

Heart.

Heart. Prithee be more modeſt, conſider her Father is your General. (*Holding him.*)

Leon. Impudent Creature to take no Notice of me. (*Aſide.*) *Victoria*, Did you ever ſee any Thing ſo ſaucy?

Vict. Nor ſo agreeable upon my Word.

Leon. Why! Sure you can't like ſo profligate a Fellow!

Vict. I am not deſperately in Love with him, but ſhould not be mighty uneaſy were he to deliver me from my frightful Coxcomb.

Leon. Why! It was but this Moment you were talking of Duty and Gratitude to Parents.

Vict. It's probable, the next Moment I ſhall talk of them again; but Child, I'm Fleſh and Blood, and a handſom young Fellow, will give me ſome fluttering Airs, and a Palpitation about my Heart, in ſpite of my Duty and reſign'd Will.

Leon. He's a ſatyrical ugly Fellow that writes Lampoons; I was ſorry to ſee you return his Ogle in a Week's Time, he'll ſwear he has been intriguing with you.

Vict. That certainly will ſecure my Reputation; for you and I know, what a Red Coat ſays of our Sex, goes for Nothing.

Leon. I'm vex'd to ſee her have ſo little Spleen; come *Victoria*, your Mother expects us to drink Tea with her.

Vict. One Look more, and I go. } *Exeunt Women.*

Leon. Faugh upon the Fellow. }

Wild. So, very well, you have drove 'em away; I ſuppoſe they'll tell the Mother of your Rudeneſs, ſhe acquaints the Brigadeer, he ſends you out upon the next dangerous Attack, and off goes a Cannon, and a pretty Fellow within half a Minute of one another.

Y. Fox. Why? That very Accident will prove I died for Love of her.

Heart. Ergo, your ſaucy Love was the Occaſion of your Death.

Y. Fox.

Y. Fox. But prithee *Wildiſh*, doeſt thou believe when I ſhall have acquainted the General with the Death of my Father, that my Eſtate will not be a more prevailing Argument, than *Biſket*'s Riches?

Wild. No! The old Woman hates a Soldier, and the Brigadeer loves Money ſo much, that I believe he cannot have the Heart to part with any to his Daughter; they ſay all Things are agreed on, and he is expected up from *Lisbon* on purpoſe to marry her.

Heart. He is to give her no Money, and the Lover has ſent her Silk for Wedding Cloaths.

Y. Fox. Heark'e! I'll take her ſtark Naked, and ſettle all I have upon her! I'll immediately go to the General, I have a Packet for him!

Wild. 'Tis your Duty to acquaint him with your Arrival, and you muſt give in a Liſt of your Recruits.

Heart. I warrant you imagine all thoſe tall handſome Fellows muſt be Part of your Company.

Y. Fox. Moſt certainly.

Wild. No! No! The Regiment is to draw Cuts for them; therefore, if you have any Fancy to a particular Man, write Servant againſt him in the Liſt.

Y. Fox. Why? I have one clever Fellow, I ſhould be much concern'd ſhould I loſe him. March forward *Strait-up.*

Wild. A well built Fellow of *Ireland*, I ſuppoſe?

Wilm. No, Sir——I'm of *England.*

Heart. The Fellow has the Air and Mein of a Gentleman.

Wilm. (*Aſide!*) I'm ſorry he thinks ſo.

Wild. What was the Reaſon of your Coming into the Army Friend?

Wilm. Why, Sir? Beſides, having had a Baſtard laid to me, I had committed ſome Roguery in the Country, was afraid of being hang'd, and ſo liſted my ſelf for a Soldier.

Wild. Which Friend is only a Reprieve from Death, and the next Attack may ſign your dead Warrant.

Heart. If this Fellow falls to my Lot, I'll make a Corporal of him.

Wild. Were he mine, I'd give him Serjeant's Pay, and his Duty ſhould be Combing my Wiggs, and Pimping for me.

T. Fox. The Account he gives you of himſelf is fictitious, and I am inform'd by his Comrades, he has Something of the Gentleman in him; for he lifts up his Eyes when they ſteal a Pig, cut the Throat of a *Portugueſe*, or build a Sconce.

Heart. Heark'e, Friend, if you have any Notion of Conſcience, you had better have ſtaid in *England* to have been lawfully hang'd.

Wild. See yonder's the General alighted from his Horſe. That *Portugueſe* Nobleman's Houſe is his Quarters.

T. Fox. Serjeant, march the Men to yonders Gate. Come, my Friends, will you introduce me?

Wild. and *Heart.* } With all our Hearts. (*Exeunt.*

File-off. Fall into the Rank, you.

Wilm. Oh! for a happy Hour to encounter the Enemy in, that I may be rid of this weary Load of Clay, which clings round my Immortal Soul.

File-off. Fall back you — Silence there — Heark'e Women, be dumb, or you ſhall all be muſter'd as Harlots — whipt out of the Camp, without the Preferment of being made Nurſes to the Hoſpital.

1*ſt Soldier's Wife.* Why, Serjeant, you ſhall be Judge now; this ragged-face Huſſey here, has the Aſſurance to ſay, that ſhe is more my Husband's lawful Wife than I.

2*d. Sold. Wife.* Your Husband! that's confident indeed. Have not I lain with him the whole March? Carry'd his Knapſack from *Lisbon?* And what is the main Sign of a Wife, but doing all his Drudgery? Nay, and to prove I

am

am ſo, not one Day has paſt over his Head but he has beat me.

File-off. A very convincing Proof of conjugal Love. Therefore, Mrs. *Sneker*, let me adviſe you to chooſe a new Husband, or hire your ſelf out to a Company of Grenadiers, in order to waſh their Linen.

1*ſt Trull.* If you pleaſe, Serjeant, I'll take up with *Straitup* here?

Wilm. Be gone Inſolence, or I'll ſpurn thee from me!

1*ſt Trull.* What! Offer to ſtrike a Woman? you an't married too Sirrah.

2*d Trull.* Ay! Or refuſe a Woman that aſks him the Queſtion.

1*ſt Trull.* Or dare to live in Camp without a lawful Wife.

File-off. Look'e Campaigners! This Gentleman Soldier is but a young Beginner, I will not have him baulk'd: Therefore, withdraw your ſaucy Converſation, 'till he has been long enough in the Army, to be as impudent as your ſelves; I ſay, leaping over a Sword is a ſerious Ceremony, nd the Laws of your ſpiritual Court military, tells you no Wife ought to be turn'd off 'till the End of a Campaign. Nor no Man ought to be drawn into the Nooſe unwillingly, leaſt the Point of that Sword which moſt religiouſly join'd him, ſhould be the Cauſe of moſt barbarouſly unjoining of him?

1*ſt Trull.* Nay, That's very true noble Serjeant, a provoking Tongue, and a froward Woman, will run a Man into ſtrange Deſperations: I can't help owning it was the Death of my ſeventh Husband.

1*ſt Sold.* Ay! And your eighth too *Moll* to my Knowledge.

1*ſt Trull.* No! Indeed *Roger*, He was hang'd for Sheep Stealing.

Wilm. (*Aſide!*) What a helliſh Crew have I moſt unfortunately thrown my ſelf among?

File-off. Come, 'Tis Time enough to talk of Settling your ſelf, when you are got into your Tents—Silence—March. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Draws to Brigadeer* Bloodmore's *Quarters.*

Enter the Brigadeer, *Colonel* Hyland, *Major* Cadwallader, *and Major* Outſide.

Bloodm. The *Portugueſe* are more afraid of us, than of the *Spaniards*; the General would ſcarce give me Audience to Day.

Cadw. Cot knows, her own Countrymen are prout enough, but then indeet they have a Reaſon for't; but truly the General ſcruple't ſeeing of you, becauſe he was afrait of keting the Sickneſs; a cout Soultier is neither afrait of a Pullet, the Pelly Ack, nor a Feaver: And I declare it, he that runs away from the Deſle, ſhould be brout to a Court-Martial, and condemnt for a Cowart.

Hyl. 'Tis a vary malancholy Tale, Sir, that we muſt die here like a parſal of Duggs, when we maight Gallantly have our Brains knockt out in the Bad of Honour.

Outſide. Buy my Shoul 'tes a deplorable Story, that we muſt tay ſuddenly of a lingering Shackneſs, when we maight march away to the Enemy, and have Time to repent of our Shins.

Hyl. Waunds Mon, won wad thank you ſtudy'd to talk miſtically on purpoſe; I have heard mare Iriciſims fram you, than a whole Gang of the Naſhon, Sir.

Cadw. Come Cornel, praiſe a Man for her Toings, and not for her Speakings; here is our Frient the Major, has Murtert his ſhare this Campaignt.

Bloodm. Hang your Words, Truth and Honeſty may be expreſs'd by Signs, never find fault with a Man that does not ſpeak as you do.

Outſide.

Outside. Why! By St. *Patrick*, the Colonel is a very ſtraange Man; for if I do ſpaak, he does find faut upon my Words; and buy my Shoul, if I am dumb, he is angry upon vat I am a thinking: But I believe he vill be after owning vhen I have bean out on a Paarty with him, I have vrit as goot a Hant vid my Swoart on the Skull of a *Spaniard*, as if I was a moſt ſcholaſtick Man.

Hyl. May the Deel claw my Wem, Major *Outside*, an I find fault with your Braavery; but your an uncouth comical Fellow, Sir, and were twa Bullets hurl'd through my Craig, Sir, I muſt bag my laughing Time.

Cadw. Look her there now, Kiſs and Frients like loving Brother Officers.

Hyl. Waunds, Sir, I'll ſlabber no Man, an he muſt be an antimate, Frant that I vouchſafe to gave my Hont too.

Cadw. Well! Cot knows, I have known it otherwiſe with your Countrymen, I have ſeen 'em crinch and palaver like a Whore to a Cully, Sir, or like a Wifet that has her Mint to Couckolt her Huſpant.

Hyl. An ay Coult caatch my Countrymen at an Cencerity, Sir, waunds I'd be a Satazen of the World; but of a' your Kingdoms, there's neen ſo hopeful gallant Lads; and geud Faith whan I gat any Secrats, Sir, I'll truſt 'em with none but the bonny Boys of *North-Britain.*

Bloodm. That's the Indiſcretion of being National Abroad; the honeſt *Engliſhman* makes a Friendſhip with all Mankind, never ſupports the Villain of his own Country, and always ſtands by the honeſt Man, be he *Turk*, *Jew*, or *Infidel.*

Enter Ingeneer Mattematicks.

Mattemat. Gentlemens, your Serviteurs ten touſand Time over; my goot General I have make a de very grat a Diſcovery

Diſcovery of de Situation, of vat you call de Camp, of de Enemy, dere is de Plang of every Ting.

Bloodm. Have you ſhow'd it the *Portugueſe* General?

Mattemat. I have taken pain to repreſent de ting to him; but you know ver vell, how dey make de ridicule upon de Ingeneer, for dey never taken de Town, dey haf no Siege, dey lauf at de Fortification, and de Ingeneer is of no more Uſe among dem, den de Proteſtant, dey don't care if dey were bot Hang'd.

Cadw. Splutter her Nails, too there praiſe pe it ſpoke, Sir; for in the Tays of coot Kingt *Catwallater*, whoſe Heir at Law is the Shentillmans that ſtants here; there was no Fortifications put your Mountans, and your pig Rivers; there was none of your cowartly Tings calt Canons, and Powter, and Pullets; there was her Enemy wit her proat Swort, and here was her Aſſailant with as coot a won, ant in a few Stroaks, they always mayt an Ent of her Pattle; put now a Days, goot lack, while her is looking for her Enemy there, here is a cowartly Pullet ſteals upon her Shoulters, throws her Heat upon the Crownt, and ſo her has not one plow for her Life.

Mattemat. I find you have juſt ſo little Notion of de Fortification, as de *Portugueſe* demſelves.

Hyl. Sir, An ye had ſerv'd ſo lang under 'em as I have done, theyad maak you know they weare a wiſe People, whan the mat with ſicka ratch'd Matamatacians, as your ſal, Sir, geud Faith, thayr in the rat to laugh at you, Sir, I'll ſay that for your Countrymen, your all Ingeneers, or Barbers, eſpecially when you gang to le *Englant* for your Religion.

Cadw. Cots knows your Refu-g's are the Refuſs of the Kingtom of *France:* There's no Poty lofs 'em, and tank our Stars, thare is none of them in *Wales.*

Mattemat

Mattemat. Jerncy blew; becauſe no Body care to live dere, but your ſalſs, and your Goats.

Bloodm. So a fine Parcel of Nations thrown on their Backs truly?

Hyl. Geud Sir, I'll flatter no Mon.

Cadw. Nor I, put when I am in a Paſhon.

Outſide. Oh! By my ſhoul dear Joy, dere is a great deal of Solidity in your Converſations, when you are holding your Tongues about the *French*: By my Shoul dey are a ſhad People, dey have no Potatoes a growing upon dem.

Mattemat. Jerney Blew! Gentlemens, if I hat you in *France*, I make you change your Opinion, and your Religion too, it vas a my Conſcience make me leave a de Kingdom, or I hat been long Time fore dis de Marſchal of *France*.

Hyl. An you war a Laakey, Sir, the Mercury in your Bones would make you talk like a *French* Count.

Enter Servant.

Serv. May it pleaſe your Honour Major *Young Fox*, this Moment arrived from *England*, is to wait on you.

Bloodm. Come, Gentlemen, ſhall we hear, What News? (*Exit.*

Mattematicks *going Firſt*, Hyland *takes hold of him.*

Hyl. I'll give you leave to jump down my Throat, Sir, before you ſhall gang in the Front of me.

Cadw. (He takes *Mattematicks* by the Shoulders.) Heark'e you Cozen in Law, toſt thou know my Name is *Catwalader*, and that the Parchment of my Petrige, iſh long enough to reach from *Toloon* to *Calice*, and that my Anceſtors were Shentilmen, pefore your Kingdom was pepult: Now you know this, pray keep your Diſtance.

Outſide.

Outside. (Takes hold of *Mattematicks.*) Arah, by my shoul I will be after coming before you.

Mattemat. Poor silly Shentilmens, 'tis not vort my Vile to cut all your Troats for your Folly—Besides, in *France*, de great Shentilman always come last; ha! dat is very goot.

The End of the First Act.

ACT

ACT II.

Bloodmore's *Quarters.*

Enter Bloodmore, *and* Young Fox.

Blood. I Am glad to hear, Sir, every Thing is ſo quiet in *England*, and that all our Friends are well. I have order'd Colonel *Hyland*, to take Care of the Diſtribution of your Men: I dine about Two, and ſhall be glad of your Company.

Y. Fox. You are extreamly obliging.

Enter Mrs. Bloodmore, Victoria, *and* Leonora.

Mrs. Bloodm. Oh! my Dear! I am inform'd there is a Packet come; have you no Letters for me?

Bloodm. Not one.

Y. Fox. (*Aſide!*) The nearer I come to that charming Angel, the more piercing are her Eyes.

Mrs. Bloodm. Is this the Officer that is arrived from *England?*

Bloodm. Yes, That's Major *Young Fox.*

Mrs. Bloodm. We Women are very inquiſitive Mortals?

Bloodm. Ay, Major, You muſt expect to be aſk'd a Million of impertinent Queſtions.

Mrs. Bloodm. We ſhall only enquire after new Faſhions, new Songs, new Amours——

Vict. And new Country Dances, Sir.

Leon. (*Aſide.*) So ſhe will be acquainted with him I find.

Y. Fox. There are Abundance of each, Madam. As to new Faſhions, indeed they have not flouriſh'd with that Life and Vigour, ſince the Death of the *Pewterer*'s Wife in *Bedlam*, as they did before: But there are ſome faſhionable Creatures at the other End of the Town, that give great Hopes of their being very odd and whimſical; for their Head-dreſſes are no bigger than the Skul-caps they us'd to wear; their Petticoats are up to their Knees; their Stays up to their Chins; and their Fans up to their Noſtrils; and the mody Shrug makes 'em wear their Shoulders up to their Ears; their Lappets reach down to the Frenching of their Petticoats, which are widen'd with Abundance of Whalebone: They ſtoop forward when they ſhould walk upright; they ſhuffle along a tip Toe, curtſey on one Side, ſmile on thoſe they would ridicule, and look very grave on their intimate Acquaintance.

Mrs. Bloodm. Very diverting, good Sir.

Bloodm. I warrant you, *Victoria* will have all theſe whimſical Repreſentations of the Sex, by to morrow Noon.

Leon. Shall we go to our Chamber, *Victoria*?

Vict. Preſently, my Dear. Pray, Sir, what new entertaining Muſick have you in *England*?

Y. Fox. As to new Songs, Madam, there is Abundance of them, that have very little Wit in them, ſet to moſt excellent *Italian* Tunes: Every Body that goes to the *Opera* beats Time, tho' not one in a Hundred knows when to do it, and their not underſtanding the Language, makes 'em ignorant of the Buſineſs; ſo, between the Tune, and the Words, they go away as unedified, as a *Libertine* from a *Presbyterian* Meeting.

Leon. (*Aſide.*) How he Eyes her! unmannerly Fellow he never Looks at me!

Mrs. Bloodm.

Mrs. Bloodm. And good now, Major, what Scandal is ſtirring? What Reputations are blown upon, and who has the fineſt Equipage?

T. Fox. Madam, The Citizen's Wives pay as much for handſome young Fellows, as ever they did; there are Women of Figure fond of Gameſters, and Courtiers that take as much Pride in keeping Strumpets, that all the Town has had, as thoſe Strumpets take in making Cullies of 'em; they give 'em fine Cloaths, fine Equipages, and they ſpend 'em a fine Deal of Money. Harlots keep viſiting Days, as well as Women of Honour; they appear at Church, and the Play-Houſe, with a very modeſt Aſſurance; to be call'd my Lord *Whadiclum*'s Miſtreſs, is as genteel and more modiſh a Name than my Lord *Whadiclum*'s Wife: And at the End of an *Opera*, you often here my Lord Duke's Footman call'd for, Mrs. *Simper* having order'd her Flambeaux's to be lighted.

Bloodm. Why! Then the Town is as wicked now, as it was, when I made a Figure in the ſide Box?

Vict. I doubt, Major, you are too ſatyrical upon our poor Sex?

T. Fox. Oh! Madam! When I have an Opportunity, I can tell you Abundance of generous kind noble Acts, that have been done by the virtuous Part of your Sex.

Leon. (*Aſide.*) So, their intimate already.

Vict. You have ſaid Nothing of Country Dances yet, Major?

T. Fox. As to Dancing, Madam, all the Time of the Parliament's Sitting, Mr. *Bays*'s grand Dance is practis'd over in the *Court of Requeſt*; where party Men go Sides all, Whig and Tory Back to Back, Beaus and Politicians right Hand and left, your Waiters for Preferment and Men of Intereſt run the Hay, Republicans go the Figure of Eight, and Lawyers lead you down two Couple.

Leon. (*Aſide!*) I muſt be miſerable, for I find ſhe does nothing but Eye him. (*An Alarm Gun.*

Enter Hyland.

Hyl. Waunds, Sir, the Enemy are on their March towards us, and the Gun is fired for us, to make ready to receive 'em.

Bloodm. Why! By the Account I have this Morning, we have not fifteen Hundred *Engliſh* Men that are fit to bear Arms?

Hyl. The Deel jump down my Throat, Sir, and we do no bang aw the *Spaniſh* Army, an the *Portugueze* General will let us attack 'em.

Y. Fox. There ſpoke the true Spirit of a *Britain.*

Bloodm. Would theſe Women were ſafe at *Lisbon* again?

Y. Fox. (*Aſide.*) Now, notwithſtanding the Share of Honour I am like to get by Beating the Enemy; methinks I had rather be ſent with a Detatchment to guard the General's Baggage there.

Mrs. Bloodm. Don't be concern'd for us, my Dear; I have not attended you ſo many Campaigns in *Flanders*, to be frighted with a fooliſh Alarm here; courage my Girl!

Vict. Oh! Madam! I am too much my Father's Daughter to fear.

Y. Fox. (*Aſide!*) Her courage unmans me; and I ſhall now be careful of my Life, in Hopes of preſerving Hers?

Enter Mr. Biſket, *and* Belvedera.

Biſk. General, Your moſt devoted; Ladies, your moſt Humble, (to *Victoria,*) Madam, this Journey is on your Account?

Y. Fox. (*Aſide.*) So, I ſuppoſe this is my raſcally Rival?

Leon. (*Aſide.*) I am glad he's come, I'll haſten the Match, and be reveng'd on that falſe Devil *Young Fox.*

Biſk. General, This young Gentleman came over in the laſt Packet, and has Letters from *England* for you: Mr. *Hickumbuz,*

Hickumbuz, come forward, that I may introduce you to the General —— that's General *Bloodmore*, and this is Mr. *Hickumbuz*.

Leon. An agreeable young Fellow.

Belved. This Packet of Letters is from my Lady *Lovemore*, Sir; and this is for your Lady, whom I expected to have ſeen at *Lisbon*.

Mrs. Bloodm. Pray, Sir, give it me; I hope my Lady was well when you left *England?*

Belved. She was at my coming away in a moſt agreeable State of Health, and particularly order'd me to let Mrs. *Victoria* know, ſhe had a great Share in her Heart.

Vict. I am pleas'd to hear my Aunt is well, Sir.

Biſk. Did not I tell you, Mr. *Hickumbuz*, you would be kindly receiv'd —— Heark'e! How may you like my Miſtreſs —— Ha!

Belved. So well, that I believe I ſhall make Love to her.

Bloodm. Sir, The Letters you brought are much in your Favour; my Siſter tells me, you are her Husband's near Relation, and begs I would provide for you in my Regiment; there happens to be a Vacancy of a youngeſt Lieutenant of Granadiers in your Company, *Young Fox*; order my Secretary to fill up the Commiſſion the General left, with his Name.

Biſk. Heark'e, Mr. *Hickumbuz*, it was my Intereſt got it, don't forget that Sum you promis'd me, my Dear?

Belved. P'ſhaw! 'Tis too late now; I'm an Officer, therefore know your Diſtance, and don't be ſaucy Merchant?

Biſk. Pert and military enough.

Enter Major Outſide.

Outſide. By my Shoul my Nobility General, there is an Aid de Camp come from the General of the *Portugueze*, vid an Order to deſire that veder he ſhees you or not, he may ſpaak vid you out of Hand.

Hyl.

Hyl. Waunds, I houpe it is a Reſalution to fight the Enemy: Geud Faith, I yern to be banging their Lugs for 'em.

Bloodm. Well, I'll go and hear what Reſolutions are to be taken. Mr. *Biſket*, I leave you in Poſſeſſion of my Family, and if we engage the Enemy, I expect you ſhould retire with the Women to *Elvas*. Come, Colonel, you ſhall go with me to the Generals?

Hyl. By *Edinborough* Croſs, I houpe, we ſhall perſwade him to give Battle.

Outſide. By my Shoul, when de Fait is over, I will ſwear we have had a Battle?

Bloodm. Adieu — Women. *Exeunt* Bloodmore, Hyland, *and* Outſide.

Mrs. Bloodm. We have had ſo many falſe Alarms, that I'm in no Fear of Danger: However, *Leonora*, let's pack up our Implements for a March.

Leon. Come *Victoria*.

Biſk. Madam! I am the proper Animal deputed to take Care of her adorable Perſon?

Mrs. Bloodm. Major, Your moſt humble Servant. Young Gentleman, when the Hurry is over, we ſhall be glad of ſeeing you, for I muſt have a great Deal of Talk with you about my Siſter. Come *Leonora*.

Leon. You won't ſtay *Victoria?* *Exeunt* Mrs. Bloodmore, *and* Leonora.

Biſk. Madam! Permit me to participate of the laſt Joint of your Ladyſhip's little Finger? (*He takes hold of her Hand.*)

Y. Fox. (*Ruſhing in between 'em.*) Pardon the Freedom I take, dear Madam.

Biſk. I proteſt very rude and comical.

Y. Fox. But I'm oblig'd to improve every Opportunity, and break through thoſe Forms of awful Adoration, which is due to ſo much Beauty, and tell you I am deſperately in Love with you, and we both muſt be for ever miſerable, ſhould you marry that Coxcomb.

Biſk. Bear witneſs, Mr. *Hickumbuzs.*

Vict.

Vict. (*Aside.*) I'll swear, his Impudence is very agreeable?

Belved. Mr. *Biſket*, If you'll take my Advice in this Affair, a Word in your Ear. (*They go aſide.*

Vict. You Gentlemen in Red have a Notion, the greateſt Favour you can do our Sex is, to tell us you're deſperately in Love with us; but we know your faſhionable Ways of talking too well to believe you—Beſides, I'm already engag'd to that Gentleman, whom you this Moment ſhew'd ſo much Rudeneſs too.

T. Fox. 'Tis in your Power, Madam, to ſave both our Lives, for I never can ſuffer ſo fine a Creature to be thrown away on ſo arrant a Puppy: Therefore, I ſhall, if you perſiſt, firſt cut his Throat, and then my own.

Vict. If the Paſſion you profeſs for me is ſincere, I flatter my ſelf you will do Nothing, that may call either my Reputation or your Prudence in Queſtion; all I can now ſay is, I wiſh I could come off my Engagements with Honour.

Biſk. (To *Belvedera.*) Why look'e, Mr. *Hickumbuz*, as you ſay, I ought to demand Satisfaction of him.

Belved. Nay, more, Sir——a Word in your Ear.

T. Fox. Oh heavenly Sound! Leave the Management of that Affair to me, and expect all the Invention that is in the Power of a warm, deſiring, wiſhing Lover to perform!

Enter Leonora.

Leon. Hell and Tortures——Are they ſo cloſe (*goes before 'em*) *Victoria*, your Mother is very angry that you ſtay ſo long. (*Leading her away.*) *Exeunt* Leonora, *and* Victoria.

T. Fox. The Malice of that Creature, if ſhe lives long enough, will qualify her for a Witch——but till ſhe deals with the Devil, I may out-wit her!

Biſk. (To *Belvedera.*) Oh fellow Traveller! Your Servant for that——I won't run the Hazard of fighting for a Miſtreſs I'm already ſure on; but if ever I catch him in the

Way

Way of Trade, and I don't over-reach him, may I be a Bankrupt. *Exit, ſtaring at* Young Fox.

Y. Fox. Go thy Ways for an egregious Coxcomb, (to *Belvedera*,) Sir, I find I am obliged to you, for the Opportunity of telling my Paſſion to my Miſtreſs, 'tis a very good Foundation for our future Friendſhip; and ſince the General has order'd you my Lieutenant, I ſhall be proud of every Opportunity of ſerving you.

Belved. You in every Action ſhew ſo much the Gentleman, that I think it a great Happineſs of falling under your Command: I come very raw into the Service, and know little of the Diſcipline of the Army, nor can I tell what true Courage is, but am ſure I have Reſolution enough to do every Thing I am commanded.

Y. Fox. Thou ſheweſt a Spirit that's noble, and next to my Miſtreſs ſhall ſhare my Heart; I would have you improve your Acquaintance with the General's Wife, which may give me an Opportunity of telling my Paſſion to my Dear, Dear, *Victoria.*

Belved. I have been a Page, Sir, in which Office we learn the whole Language of the Eyes; and I am much miſtaken, if the fair Lady you adore, burns not with an equal Paſſion for you.

Y. Fox. Your Pages are very apt to flatter, my Dear; but doeſt thou really think ſhe met my Glances with any Manner of Warmth?

Belved. I ſaw the little Cupid's dancing in her Eyes; and ſtill, the more ſhe look'd, the more ſhe ſigh'd, the more ſhe warm'd; and ſo, of courſe, ſhe more deſir'd.

Y. Fox. My dear Boy! Thou fireſt my Blood: Look'e, I'll give you the Profits of the Company; thy Man ſhall have Serjeant's Pay; thy Waſherwoman ſhall be in the Muſter Roll as a Soldier; and thou thy ſelf ſhalt do no Duty, provided thou aſſiſts me in gaining the Affections of that dear ſoft bewitching Creature, *Victoria.*

Belved.

Belv. Believe me, Sir, She's yours, and will her ſelf contrive Means to tell you all her Mind.

Young F. Say'ſt thou ſo, my Boy——I'll go to the Secretary, and take out your Commiſſion; meet me at my Tent in half an Hour, and I'll preſent you to the Company; my Serjeant will ſoon teach you to exerciſe, your Gallantry will recommend you to the General; and I'm intirely devoted to your Intereſt. I hope you have a ſharp Servant to take care of your Baggage: Look Big upon your Brother Officers, and pray have no Quarrels without my being your Second——Adieu, my Dear Boy. [*Exit.*

Belv. His Generoſity and Friendſhip much obliges me——But, Oh! my Dear *Willmot!* What have I ſuffered for the Fatigueing Journeys, a Tempeſtuous Voyage, and all thoſe Dangers which my Sex are unaccoſtom'd too; will not this attone for the Ill Uſage thou haſt met with from me?——Let me once more read the diſmal Letter, that Cauſe of all my Woe and Hardſhips. [*Takes out the Letter, Reads.*

Falſe, Unkind and Perjur'd *Belvedera.*

TOO long I've bore with Torment at my Heart your Wounding, Piercing, Killing Uſage; I have now got ſo much the better of my Love, as to find out your Pride, your Inſolence, and falſe Coquetting Airs: I have tore you from my Soul, and wou'd have you dote on every fooliſh Coxcomb, which no more ſhall give me Pain. I am this Moment going on Board the Paſquet *for* Portugal. *I have bought ſuch a Poſt in our Army there, as will ſoon give me an opportunity of ruſhing amidſt the thickeſt ſhower of Bullets, one of which, I hope, will take that poſſeſſion of my Heart, which I once deſigned for you; I believe my Death will ſoon be known to you, and you may expect the upbraiding of my Ghoſt:*

Adieu for Ever,

WILMOT:

Belv. Too well I have deſerv'd this Barbarous Uſage; Curſe the Folly of my Sex, which led me unto that falſe Notion of believing I could ſecure it my ſelf, that Lover which I us'd moſt ſcurvily; (enter her Maid *Clara* in a Footman's Habit) Well, dear *Clara*, What News of *Willmot*?

Cla. Oh! Madam, I have walk'd thro' all the Camp, inquired at the Head of each Regiment, but can hear no Tydings of him.

Belv. Break! Stubborn Heart, break——no Tydings of him——why, then he has given us a falſe Account of his Voyage, and nought but Miſery can er'e attend me.

Cla. Remember, Madam, with how many Tears and moving Words, I beg'd you not to leave your Native Country; I wiſh, when you had ſent me to your Aunt for that Letter to Brigadier *Bloodmore*, that I had told her it was not for a Friend, but your Self.

Belv. Then you had forever forfeited my Love, nothing grieves me now but the Hardſhips thou art like to meet with.

Cla. Fear not me, my deareſt Lady; if you can ſupport your ſelf under the Difficulties, I ſhall bear them with Pleaſure.

Belv. Come on then, the General has already promis'd me a Lieutenancy; and ſince *Willmot* has ſo barbarouſly reſented the Weakneſs of my Sex, I'll now Revenge it on all his; my Captain is indeed a Gallant Man, his Friendſhip is what I moſt ſhall covet, but for the reſt ſtand clear.

Cla. I yet comfort my ſelf with the Hopes of hearing of your Lover.

Belv. No, *Clara*, I'll ſhake him from my Heart; put on all the Saucy Airs of a real Man, and make my Brother Officers ſtand in fear of me.

Enter Lieutenant Blunder.

Blun. Brother, your Servant, as I may ſay.

Belv.

Belv. From whence, good Sir, do's your Familiarity proceed?

Blun. [*Aſide.*] So, ſo, a pert Boy, ſome Man of Qualities Baſtard, I ſuppoſe——lookey Child, I met my Captain, who inform'd me you were to be youngeſt Lieutenant to our Granadiers; if ſo, I'm to be your Commanding Officer.

Belv. The longeſt Sword muſt decide that.

Blun. Very good——you are beginning to Mutiny already, prithe Child, didſt thou ever ſerve?

Belv. I had Lodgings near *Charing-Croſs*; I kept a Bank at a Gaming Table; I have broke Windows with Field Officers, and have been toſſing Subalterns in Blankets.

Blun. Hearkey, dear Boy, what might thy Commiſſion coſt thee?

Belv. I gain'd it by my Merit.

Blun. No, no, my Child; it was a confounded modeſt ſort of an Aſſurance, call'd Impudence, that got it thee.

Belv. Sir.

Blun. That ſmooth Countenance of thine is not made for Frowning; if thou valueſt thy Life, or thy Commiſſion, thou muſt be more civiliz'd, or thou wilt be the Thirteenth young handſome Impertinent Fellow we have run thro' the Body this Campaign; lookey, if you'll go to the Sutlers, we'll *Kiſs* and Friends over a Dramb of *Geneva*; thou ſhalt have a Pipe of Tobacco out of my Box here, or if thou haſt an Antipathy to Smoaking, I can give thee a Chaw of the beſt Oronoko in the Univerſe, which is an Offer that many a Sub. wou'd jump at.

Belv. Faugh upon thy naſty Weed, Sir, you have us'd me Ill, and therefore I demand Satisfaction—— [*She draws.*

Blun. Ha, ha, prithee Babe put up thy Sprat Spit, 'tis fit only to make a Busk for thy Miſtreſs.

Cla. Sir, my Maſter never puts up any thing till he has Satisfaction—— [*Aſide, Lord! how I tremble.*

Blun. Ha, ha, What, then thy Maſter is an Knight Errant, and thou art his Dwarf.

Belv. Theſe Affronts are ſo groſs, they put me paſt Patience—— [*Aſide*, Oh! younders Company a coming.] (to him) Villain avat thy Heart.

Blun. Nay, if I muſt lug out, remember young Fellow, it was thy own Fault, thou art guilty of Self-Murder, therefore, come on to the Hilt of my Sword. (*Draws.*

Enter Cadwallader *and* Matematicks.

Cadw. What is the meaning of her drawing her Sworts, have you no potys Troats to cut put your hown?

Matem. Jerney Divel Gentlemans vat is de meanning of your Animoſity, are you mad to Kill your ſelves, ven de vant two tre Touſand Gentry Country People to vight de Enemy.

Cadw. Holt your Tongue, mint your puiſſneſs, and leave 'em to my known ſelf; come, what is your Quarrel?

Blun. Why, Major, your Servant the Young Ladd, has a mind to have his Throat cut, I ſuppoſe, he provok'd me a long time before I drew.

Cadw. Well come, what has her to ſay for her ſelf now?

Belv. I have been moſt ſcandalouſly abus'd by him, and without he begs my Pardon, I can't put it up.

Cadw. Beg her parten, why, I ſuppoſe, in all Quarrels, every poty is in Fault, and 'tis you Tutys, and for your Honours to peg one another's Partens.

Matem. But he dat give de Injury ſhoult aska de Pardon firſt.

Cadw. What do's her mean py crouting in her Worts to interupt her, am I not Juge upon the Quarrells, I will decite it for you, or I will cut all your Throat: Young Gentlemen, when you have been at our Traite as long as my ſelf, you vill have more Whit then to Fight for nothing.

Matem. 'Tis very well againſt de Enemy, dere is de very greata Satisfaction in Plunder de Camp, Burn de Town, Raviſh de Women, and ſo fort; but for one Friend to an oder make a puſh ſhoef againſt de Body, 'tis a great jeaſt a begar.

Cadw.

Cadw. Cott knows, you are always a thruſhing your ſelf into Gentlemen's Puiſſneſſes, have a care of your provokeing me into a Paſſion, get her gone quickly, or I proteſt I will pe in her Poty.

Matem. I am ſorry I can't ſtay no longer vid you, but I am in great haſte to goe take Care and raiſe a de Battery for fear de Enemy ſhould attack us. [*Exit.*

Cadw. 'Tis a goot Excuſe for ſaveing your Lives; come, put up your Sworts, ſhake Hants, Kiſs and Frients.

Belv. On your Account Sir, I do forgive him, but let him take care how he Affronts me hereafter.

Blun. So I find I muſt either own my ſelf in a Fault, or cut the Boy's Throat.

Enter Searjeant Fileoff.

File. to *Belv.*) Sir, Major *Fox* is in his Tent, and wants to ſpeak with you.

Cadw. When you have another Quarrell, pray pe ſure to kiſs and Frients pefore you traw your Sworts. [*Exit.*

Blun. Brother, your Servant, come Serjeant, go to the Sutlers, and i'll give you a Dram for your wellcome to Camp; which had you rather have *Rum* or *Geneva.*

[*Exunt Blun.* and *File.*

Cla. Dear Madam, I tremble every Joynt of me, what cou'd you mean by running your ſelf into all this Danger.

Belv. This Child was the way to ſecure my ſelf from Quarrels.

For he they ſay is Brave who makes a Noiſe,
Your Gallant Fighters are your bluſtering Boys.

End of the Second ACT.

ACT.

ACT III.

Bloodmore's *Quarters.*

Enter Mrs. Bloodmore, *and* Leonora.

Leon. MADAM; I have known him long. He was an Officer in my Father's Regiment. He has been the Ruin of half our Sex.

Mrs. *Blood.* And do you ſay *Victoria* ſeem'd to receive his Addreſſes?

Leon. With glowing Cheeks and a conſenting Eye.

Mrs. *Blood.* Cunning Creature! She always has pretended to ſhew exceſs of Duty in every Thing.

Leon. But to me Madam, who knew the inmate Secrets of her Heart. She has expreſs'd much Hatred to the Husband you have provided for her.

Mrs. *Blood.* Diſſembling Huſſey! I'll make her conſent I warrant you. I think Mr. *Biskett* is an extraordinary Match for her. He's worth Twenty Thouſand Pound, is Santiſta to the whole Army, and has a Proſpect of getting Forty more—— But if the Peace comes, and he loſes this Poſt, he's the Richeſt Merchant in *Lisbon*; and will Maintain her like a Princeſs——Rather than ſhe ſhould Marry a Rakely Officer, I'd wiſh her Dead. I know too well the Plague of trudging after a Soldier. 'Tis indeed a State of Lac'd Cloaths and Starving, but there's little of the Love and Cheriſh in't.

Leon. Too well I know it Madam: It broke my poor Mothers Heart. But this is the moſt Profligat'ſt Rake the Army ever bred: He is well vers'd in all Intreaguing, and by his Uſage of Mr. *Biskett*, if you haſten not, the Match moſt certainly will brake it off.

Mrs. *Blood.*

Mrs. *Blood.* I'll be too Cunning for him: And if the *Spaniards* don't diſturb us, my Husband's Chaplain ſhall Marry 'em this Evening.

Leon. [*Aſide*] Were it once done, I ſhould be Happy.

Mrs. *Blood.* Where is *Victoria* now?

Leon. In her Chamber; providing for our Journey to *Elvas*, if there ſhould be occaſion.

Mrs. *Blood.* I would have you take no Notice to my Husband of what has paſs'd; his Heat of Temper may occaſion ſome Miſchief. I'll prepare her my ſelf for the Matter; firſt acquaint her with my Reſolutions, and then her Father ſhall lay his Commands on her.—— [*Exit* Mrs. *Bolodmore.*

Leon. Which I fear ſhe'll be very averſe to. Since young *Fox* has baſely ſlighted me, this Revenge will be ſome Satisfaction to me: And ſo long as I prevent his Marrying any Body elſe, ſome lucky turn may make him mine. For tho' now I hate him for deſpiſing me, one kind Look will ſoon get the better of my weak Reſolves. I am vex'd this Coxcomb *Biskett* ſhould give 'em an Opportunity of Talking together. See where the Fool comes!

Enter Biskett.

Biskett. Adoreable Mrs. *Leonora*! I am your moſt devoted Shoe-Leather. I muſt beg you to lay your Head to mine, and help me to Revenge my ſelf in ſome manner or another upon the Major. He took my Miſtreſs from me in a moſt Audacious manner: Redicul'd my Parts and Perſon before her; and I proteſt, for ought I know, he has made ſuch an Impreſſion on her, to my Prejudice, that all the fine Things, Vows, and Oaths, which I ſhall ſay to her for a Month, I fear, will ſcarce ſet her at Rights again.

Leon. I can tell you, if before to Morrow Morning you are not Married to her, ſhe will be the Major's Wife

Bisket. I proteſt you bring my Heart to my Mouth—— Tho' upon ſecond Thoughts, if the Major has a Fancy to her, I had much rather he ſhould fall in Love with her before

I have her, than afterwards —— Tho' I am pritty well assur'd she cannot be false to my Person.

Leon. You must not tell the General what has happen'd, but press him to have the Wedding Celebrated to Night.

Bisket. He and I are agreed upon all Matters; and I have deposited six Thousand Pound, to be laid out in *England*, which was to be her Joynture. A great deal of Money to give for a Wife, especially should she prove a Jade —— Ha, Mrs. *Leonora.*

Leon. I would advise you not to be out of her Sight, till you are Married to her.

Biskett. Ay, and I'll watch her Waters after I'm Married to her: And I will have an Eye upon the Major's heavy Cannon, for fear he should lay Siege to her.

Leon. Come, you must go and Attack her your self. Let her have no Correspondence with the Enemy; and she must fall into your Hands.

Bisket. I'll find out all her Mines and take her Glaces, Sword in Hand.

Leon. By Conversing with Military Men, you are become a perfect Soldier.

Biskett. Ay, if I could but Fight, or be in a Passion big enough to draw a Sword, I could soon Command an Army.

Leon. Come along and try to Command your Mistress. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *draws, and discovers* Victoria.

Victo. Well! This agreeable Major runs so in my Head, that I am prodigiously Divided; betwixt Hoping, and Fearing and Wishing; Desiring Suspecting and Doubting. Let me see. I warrant you they'll pretend to say, I have given my Word to have this Coxcomb *Biskett.* 'Twas all Compulsion —— And I never can consent to have him.

Enter

Enter Mrs. Bloodmore.

Mrs. *Blood.* See *Victoria*, Are you prepared for a March?

Victo. Ready on the first Alarm, Madam.

Mrs. *Blood.* How come you to let that Saucy Major Talk to you with so much Freedom, just now?

Victo. To me, Madam?

Mrs. *Blood.* Ay, to you, Madam. Come, come, *Victoria*, he's a Dangerous fellow: He has us'd Mr. *Biskett* very ill, and if your Father was to know it, a terrible Quarrel would ensue. I would have you prepare your self to be Married this Night.

Victo. So soon, Madam!

Mrs. *Blood.* Come, come; Mr. *Biskett* is a Prize not to be neglected.

Victo. Oh, dear, Madam! He's so disagreeable a Coxcom, that I shall be for ever Miserable, if I have him.

Mrs. *Blood.* Your Disobedience surprizes me; Have not your Father and I agreed upon the Matter? Don't we know what's best for silly Girls, who are not fit Judges for themselves? One must have a great share of Experience, abundance of Knowledge and prudent Management, before we know what's best for us. Mr. *Biskett* is no Fool.

Victo. But he has a great want of Sense.

Mrs. *Blood.* You are a fine Judge of Sense: a Rakely dress't Fellow, with a Lac'd Coat, Hat and Feather, is all the Notion you have of a Man of Sense.

Victo. No, Madam; I reckon a Man of Sense, is one who has read the World as well as Books, and knows how to discern betwixt the Good and Evil of it; and has so true a Notion of himself, as never to launch out into conceited Praises of his own Perfections; he has Honour enough to scorn to do an ill Thing, and Courage to resent an Injury from an impertinent Coxcomb; he knows how to put a true value upon Virtue; he has Religion enough to keep

his Marriage Vow Sacred, and Diſcretion enough to make a Woman his Friend, as well as Wife.

Mrs. *Blood.* So ſo, a fine Character truly; and where do you expect to find ſuch a Husband as this——Your Father laid out all his ready Money to buy the Regiment if there ſhould come a Peace——'tis a young one: He'll be broke, and half Pay will not maintain us——Here you'll be at the Head of the Factory; keep your Chaiſe and your Litter; be viſſited by the Envoy, and ſet next the Conſult's Lady.

Victo. And Dine with my Book-keepers, and *New-found-Land* Chaplains; know how to buy a Bargain of Stock-Fiſh; Go on Board an *India-Man* and beg Coffee and Callicoes: Be pen'd up all the Sultry Weather in a Quinto of my own; where none but the Worſhipful Wretch my Husband, and a Portugueſe Gardiner muſt come near me.

Mrs. *Blood.* On your Duty, I command you hold your Tongue: Here would be fine Work, if your Father was to hear you; 'tis my Reſolution, you ſhall be Married to Night: If you dare diſobey, you ſhall be turn'd out of Doors before to Morrow.

Victo. You know Madam, I have always been moſt Obedient; but when I tell you this Man is my greateſt averſion, ſure you will not Sacrifice me to him.

Mrs. *Blood.* You may ſet your Heart upon him if you pleaſe: I know all Things depend upon Reſolution; and therefore reſolve, and be happy forthwith.

Victo. Well Madam, To ſhew you how much my Duty gets the better of my Inclinations, I'll bury my ſelf in this Monument of your own chooſing. But ſince I muſt be Sacrifis'd to this Creature, I have one Requeſt to beg you Madam.

Mrs. *Blood.* Thou can'ſt ask nothing in Reaſon, my dear Child, but I will grant it you.

Victo. I fear, (tho' my Reſolution's ſtrong) when I come to the fatal Ceremony, I ſhall want Spirits to ſupport me through it. It's probable, were I not to ſee the Author of

my

my Woe, till I was made his Wife, I might in time bear the Sight of him, tho' not Love him.

Mrs. *Blood.* That's Vapours; meer Fancy Child——But to Humour you, the Chaplain ſhall Marry you in the Dark.——

Enter Leonora, *and* Biskett.

Oh, *Leonora*! My Daughter is very good——If the General returns, you may prepare this Evening for yonr Wedding, Mr. *Biskett.*

Biſket. Excellent News, my dear Mother in Law! At the coming in of the *Brazill* Fleet, I will give you an Ingot of Gold to make a——*Chocolate Mull* on——Thank my Stars! The Ceremony of Courtſhip is over; it has crack'd more Brains than Projecting and Poetry has done. Dear Angel——, (to *Victoria*) Let me Salute the hard Knuckles of your ſoft Hand.

Victo. (Ironically) You have ſuch wining ways with you, there's no denying any thing.

Biskett. Ah! thy Words are as ſweet as the beſt *Lisbon* Sugar. Adſo, tho' we Merchants are obliged to wear theſe Dreſſes in the way of Trade, yet upon ſo joyful an Occaſion as this, I may be allow'd to jump into a Lac'd Coat, and a Full-bottom'd Wigg. Madam *Victoria*, I'll give you my Perſon in the handſomeſt manner I can; and in half an Hour, ſhew a moſt Compleat Bridegroom. Adieu Deary, for an Age, I may ſay, a Moment is to me.

Leon. This is very joyful Tydings my dear *Victoria*, that you have ſo true a Senſe of Happineſs, as to chooſe the Man of all the World that is moſt capable of making you ſo.

Victo. My good Mother has us'd ſo many prevailing Arguments with me, that I can no longer ſtand in my own Light.

Mrs. *Blood.* She is the beſt of Daughters——I'll go and inquire if there's no Tydings of your Father. I know not

any thing will ſo much rejoyce his Heart, as this Wedding. [*Exit. Mrs.* Bloodmore.

Leon. I'm pleas'd to hear your Will is ſo reſign'd—I was deſperately afraid, what Young *Fox* ſent to you this Day would have made ſome impreſſion on you: For know, I Love him to Deſpairation: And could I fix him mine, I've Vanity to think, I've Charms enough to cure him of his Rakiſh and Inconſtant Temper. Indeed I was a little Jealous of you, and therefore perſuaded your Mother to haſten the Match: For which, my Dear, I hope you'll Thank me now.

Victo. [*Aſide*] This is Friendſhip with a Vengeance—(to her) I ſuppoſe his Pretenſions to me were only Gallantry. But were they Sincere, my being Married to another will be a means of making him your's: I, you need not doubt, will Contribute all I can towards it.

Leon. Let me Embrace my Dear, my Prudent, and my Boſom Friend.

Victo. [*Aſide*] Diſſembling Witch——(to her) When next I meet the Major, I'll find away to tell him how much you Love him.

Enter Captain Hearty.

Hearty. Your Servant Ladies. I ſuppoſe Madam, I was not to have over-heard that laſt Sentence of yours.

Victo. Yes truly Sir, 'tis no Secret. *Leonora* is deſperately in Love with Major *Young*.

Fox. I only promis'd her my Aſſiſtance in forwarding the Match.

Leon. I in Love with that Fellow! I wonder at your Aſſurance *Victoria*: I proteſt I Bluſh for you. I'll go tell your Mother what an idle Girl you are. [*Exit.* Leonora.

Hearty. You have put the Lady into ſome Diſorder, by this Confeſſion.

Victo.

Victo. Not half ſo much as ſhe has put me into, by her Hypocriſy and falſe Friendſhip. 'Twas but ſome few Minutes ſince my Mother forc'd from me my Word to Marry *Biskett*; which Ceremony is to be perform'd this Evening. All the Favour ſhe would grant me, was to Marry in the Dark. If my Imagination's ſtrong, I ſhall fancy 'tis not he. Were I to ſee him, ſure I am, my faultring Tongue would ne're conſent; I ſhould be his: I Sacrifice my Eaſe, my Quiet, and my Peace of Mind, to my rigid Parents harſh Commands.

Hearty. The Law of Nature never meant, we ſhould take Duty in that rediculous Senſe: This will be diſmal News to poor young *Fox*, whoſe Happineſs and Peace of Mind depends on one kind Look from you.

Victo. 'Tis now too late! my Word is paſt: Beſides; How can I be certain he's Sincere? This may only be a looſe Air he gives himſelf; a Gallantry that often happens, with Men of his Character.

Hearty. I dare anſwer for him——'Tis your Perſon now he doats on: But I'm well aſſur'd, when he's acquainted with the Beauties of your Mind, he more and more will Love you: Give me but Hopes you like him, and for all the Time's ſo ſhort, I'll engage the Major delivers you from this wretched Coxcomb; and with your Father's Conſent too.

Victo. In this Exigency, I think I may be allowed to ſay, I do not Hate the Major——And could wiſh——I can ſay no more.

Hearty. 'Tis enough; I'll inſtantly to the Major, and you ſoon will hear from him.

Victo. My Prayers will attend you. [*Exeunt* ſeverally.

SCENE *draws to the Camp.*

Enter two Enſigns, Serjeant Fileoff *following.*

1. *Enſign.*

1. *Enſi.* Pox on't, I ſhall Die of this Pinch-Office. There's all my two Months Subſiſt gone upon that laſt Card; our Dog of an Agent will advance nothing without *Cent per Cent.* Oh, For a Battle! to ſend a Pound of Lead into my Body, or a Pound of Gold into my Pocket.

2. *Enſi.* If we had but Dined before we had been Stripp'd, I ſhould have had a Stomach for Fighting; but I'm always a damned Coward with an empty Belly.

1. *Enſi.* Ha, Serjeant! How long have you been come up to Camp.

Fileoff. This Day Sir.

1. *Enſi.* Let me ſee Serjeant? As I remember, I owe you four *Cruſades*, if you can give me ſix more, I'll give you a *Moeda.*

Fileoff. [*Aſide*] A good lucky Thought of his: The Devil a Farthing he ows me——but however, I'll put the Old Soldier upon him (*to him*) Noble Enſign, Your Servant. You may let it alone if you pleaſe, I am not in haſte (*pulling out his Money*)

1. *Enſi.* I am aſhamed Serjeant it has been ſo long due.

Fileoff. Sir your Servant, there's ſix *Cruſades*, Sir.

1. *Enſi.* (*He takes 'em*) Very well Serjeant, and there's a, (*feeling in his Pocket*) Adſo! I thought I had a *Moeda*: Here take my Key, and bid my Man give you one out of my green Purſe, and bring me the Key again.

Eileoff. Sir your Servant. [*Exit* Serjeant.

2. *Enſi.* Thou art an excellent Soldier Brother Rug-carrier, and for this one Invention, ought to command an Army. Thoſe are the greateſt Generals that have the beſt Turns, Tricks, and Stratagems; and to Over-reach is to Overcome. But hearke, ſhall we go and Eat with this Money.

1. *Enſi.* No, As Fortune got it us, we will venture it all upon a Card; pinch it to *Trantclem* be paid —— Purchaſe half a Dozen of *Almudes* of Wine; ſend my Man to ſteal a Sheep; and ſo keep a Table till all our Money is gone.

2. *Enſi.* Ha, Brother Blunder, well met.

Enter

Enter Blunder.

1. *Enſi.* My Fingers itch to be be venturing of it: I'll bring you Word before the Bauker is got through the Pack, how it is like to go with me. [*Exit.*

Blund. What then your Head will always run upon Gameing: Cou'd you but taſte the Pleaſure of Smoaking *Tobacco*, and Drinking Drams, you'd never run the Hazard of Starving as you do. I have the beſt Notion of Living that any Man in Camp has; I can get Drunk for Six *Victims*, and when I have a Stomach, Six Whiffs of *Mundungus* takes it away, as effectually as a couple of Pound of Beef would do.

2. *Enſi.* Hearke Brother Blunder; I know a Soldier that has a Parcel of right *French Brandy* to Sell, which I ſuppoſe he has Stole, for he offers it for a *Cruſade* a Gallon.

Blund. Ay, why I can ſell it to the Sutler for Five; I'll go and buy it all.

2. *Enſi.* Hold, hold, the Fellow is not willing to be Diſcover'd, and therefore will truſt no body but my ſelf; Look-ey, give me Money for Ten Gallons, and ſend your Man about half an Hour hence to my Tent for it.

Blund. With all my Heart (*giving him a Moeda*) and pray take care you have very good Meaſure.

[*Exit.* Blunder.

2. *Enſi.* Ay, Ay, I have taken care to get the Meaſure of your empty Head, and now Fortune aſſiſt me. [*Exit.*

Enter Captain Wildiſh.

Wild. This damn'd Agent of ours will ruin the Regiment; what an Abſtract is here? Peace and half Pay, will be a much better Subſiſt—— (*reads*) To Poundage, hum. The Royal Hoſpital, hum. To 13-$\frac{1}{2}$ of 127-11-6. For Tents, hum—— To a Charge on the Regiment for Arms ſent by

by the Ordnance, and by Money paid to the Commiſſary of Stores for his Civility, in not changing thoſe Arms for worſe — hum——To Sick Men ſent to the Hoſpital——hum. Pay'd the *Santiſta* for you———hum. To the Widows Man——By a Man allow'd the Judge Advocate, hum: that's for his Aſſiſtance in hanging half a Dozen more. To a Man allow'd the Commiſſary of the Muſters; that is not ill given, it may ſave me half a dozen in the Muſter Roll. By a Man for the Colonel—— Another for the Agent in *England*, and Poundage for my ſelf, to Ballance this Account. You owe me Twenty-two Pound, Four Shilling and Six-pence, to be be ſtop'd out of the next two Month's Subſiſt; what a bead-rowl of Articles are here!

Enter Captain Hearty.

Cap. *Heart.* What art thou meditating on, dear *Wildiſh.*

Wild. Why, my Abſtract; which is as full of Rogueiſh Articles a Taylor's Bill, or a Chancery Suit, and yet there's no quarrelling with this Fellow, without flying in the Face of the Colonel; we may as well ask for a new Cloathing once in three Year, or an Account of the off-Reckonings every Twelve Months.

Capt. *Hearty.* Pho——hang the ſordid Pelf, good Soldiers, like good Poets, ſhou'd always be very Poor, we Fight for Honor, and they Scribble for Fame. Did you ſee young *Fox* this way?

Capt. *Wild.* He's in his Tent.

Capt. *Heart.* Come along with me to him, there is an Affair on foot will make him have an occaſion for all his Friends.

Capt. *Wild.* Some Woman in the Caſe, I ſuppoſe.

Capt. *Heart.* No leſs a Perſon than *Victoria*; come along, and I'll tell you more.

Enter

Enter Wilmot, *ſtill Dreſt like a Soldier, two Soldiers following of him.*

1. *Sold.* Of all the Comrades that ever I had, thou art the dulleſt Dog, that's certain; he can neither play at *All-Fours*, *Put*, nor *One and Thirty*.

2. *Sold.* Why, how eaſily might we have Robb'd the *Portugueſe* and his Wife juſt now, I'm ſure his Cloaths wou'd have pay'd for the trouble of murdering him, and I think the Woman was well worth Raviſhing.

1. *Sold.* I have given ready Money for worſe many a time.

2. *Sold.* Why, he would not let me Steal the Sheep there, tho' it was one of the fatteſt I ever Stole in my Life.

1. Ay, and then he told Corporal *Primer* I was a Bed with his Wife, and made the Fellow come and catch me there: If he had not been a good natur'd Man, and an old Comrade of mine, it might have occaſioned a Quarrel betwixt us.

2. *Sold.* Ay, 'tis a miſchievous dogged Curr, a Fellow of few Words, and many Blows.

1. *Sold.* Ay, ay, he'll never make a good Soldier, Igad, he's only fit for an Officer.

2. *Sold.* For nothing elſe in the whole World, Ifagers.

Will. Impertinent Raſcals, why do you follow me, you Villains?

1 *Sold.* Hearke, Brother, keep good Words in your Head, or——

Will. Or, what you Dog?

1. *Sold.* Will you ſtand by me *Roger*?

2. *Sold.* No Faith, not I——this Morning gave me enough of him, I did but call him a Son of a Whore, and tell him he Ly'd, and he laid me on as if he had been Exerciſing of me.

1. *Sold.* What is he ſo Proud that he wont take Jocular, Merry Language, when he's Sick, Iſaith, he ſhall go to the Hoſpital, and that will be Plague enough.

Enter Major Out-ſide.

Outſi. Arrah, by my Shoule, Dear Joys, what a plague maakes you ſtand running about from your Regiments, can't you ſtay in your Tents Sir, and then you may go where you pleaſe about your Buiſneſſes.

Enter Cadwallader.

Cadw. Whell, what is her Uproar here?

1. *Sold.* Why, and pleaſe your Noble Honour, we was afraid that my Comrade here had a mind to Deſert, he came to the Camp but this Morning, and he ſtroles out at every corner of it; I fancy he's either troubled in Mind, or is a Papiſh in his Heart.

Outſi. Hearke, by St. *Patrick*, now, if you run away, whether you are ever catch'd or not, by my Shoule I will ſee you Hang'd.

Cadw. You are two raſh in your Judgments, ſtant you py tere and here me tecite this Affair; come you Soultier, ſpeak for your ſelf.

Will. Sir, I am as true to the Service as any body, and will never flinch my Duty when 'tis Commanded me, theſe two Villains would run me into Murdering and Thieving, which my Conſcience and Honeſty abhors.

Cawd. Cot knows, if you can make Proof of that, you ſhall pe mate a Corporal, and theſe two Rogues ſhall pe hangt.

Outſi. Oh! by my Shoule, if you have never ſo little inſide into that Matter, I wou'd have you Sware it heartily, and Arrah, they ſhall not be diſcharged from their Tuty till they have hangt themſelves half an Hour.

Cadw.

Cadw. Splutter her Nails, will you leave her alone with this Puiſneſs, pray now.

Outſi. Arrah, by my Shoule, Major, I doe only hold my Tongue as a ſtander by, and vat I have been ſaying is of no Service to you, for by St. *Patrick* I did mean nothing by it, for all I have talkt ſo much to the Purpoſe.

Cadw. Well, 'tis a thouſand Pittys the greateſt part of the Worlt are not Dumb, then I ſhoult have an opertunity of of doing every Poty Juſtice: You Sirs, what is your Anſwer?

2. *Sold.* Why all that we have to ſay for ourſelves, and pleaſe your Honours, we are Gentlemen Souldiers, and have been ſo long in the Service we're weary on't, our Officers have ſo good an Opinion of us, that in caſe of an Attack, we ſhou'd be the Men pick'd to have our Brains knock'd out firſt.

1. *Sold.* So as we are Men of Courage, I hope, your Honour will take our Words before he there that has not yet Signaliz'd himſelf.

Cadw. Why look you, I will decite the Matter thus, You are all a parcel of Rogues, therefore kiſs and Frients, and go to your Tutys. [*Exit.* Cadw.

Outſi. By my Shoule I ſhould have decided it juſt ſo, tho' I had not been after hearing one Word of the Matter.

Enter Mattematicks.

Mattem. Serviteur Major, is de General return'd yet from de Counſeill of War.

Outſi. Arragrah; I am reſolved not to be poſſitive in any thing, I know nothing on't, therefore I can't Swear what the General is a doing on, but I believe in my Conſcience there will be no Battle till we are altogether runing away from one another.

Mattem. Vill you juſt take a de valk to de Battery I have mait; for tho' you are no Ingenier, you may give a de Judgement veder you tink it vill doe Execution if de Enemy make a de Attack upon us.

Outſi. By my Shoulvation, Sir, I vid give nothing for a Battery that vill not be after doeing Execution veder de Enemy Attack us or not, but I vill give you my Opinion of it before I do ſee it, that I may not be ſurpriz'd with the Shite of it.

Mattem. Come to de Plaee den preſentalee.

Outſi. (*takes him by the Shoulder*) Arrah, pridee Dear Joy, I will go laſt before you. [*Exeunt* Outſi. *and* Mattem.

1. *Sold. Roger*, I believe you and I had beſt make off the Premiſes, for my Comrade there looks with an evil Eye upon us——

2. *Sold.* Ay, his Countenance is a little upon the horrid, therefore March. [*Exeunt two* Souldiers.

Will. I that cou'd never taſte the Pleaſures of Life in all the Gaudy Show and Greatneſs that I once was Maſter on, muſt think it, in my preſent State, a deſpicable one, and yet I dare not haſten Death, for Self-Murder is a horrid Sin.

Oh! for a happy Action in the Field,
To Death we there moſt lawfully may yeild.

End of the Third ACT.

ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE *the Camp.*

Enter Major Young Fox, Captain *Wildiſh*, Hearty, Belvedera, *Serjeant* Fileoff, *and* Servant.

Major *Young Fox.* (to the Servant) LOoke, Sirrah, if you make any Miſtake in the delivery of this Letter, I ſhall demoliſh your Carkaſs.

Serv. Sir, I'll moſt punctually follow your Orders.

Major *Young F.* (to *Belvedera*) Sir, the General, before he left the Camp Sign'd ſome Commiſſions that were vacant, and left it to Brigadier *Bloodmore* to incert the Names of whom he thought fit; this by his order entitles you to be youngeſt Lieutenant of Granadiers, I have preſented you to my Company, and wiſh you Joy of your Commiſſion.

Capt. *Wild.* And I, Sir.

Capt. *Heart.* And I, Sir.

Young F. I fear our great ſcarcity of Officers will occaſion your coming immediately upon Duty, the Inſtructions I have already given you will be ſome help to you, but my Serjeant ſhall attend you till you have got a true Knowledge of our Diſcipline; in an Hour's Time I wou'd have you meet me at the General's, where, I believe, I ſhall have occaſion for your Service.

Belv. With a great deal of Satisfaction I ſhall obey your Orders. Gentlemen, your Servant——.——Come Serjeant.

[*Exeunt Belvedera* and Serjeant.

Capt.

Capt. *Heart.* A pretty pert young Fellow.

Capt. *Wild.* By the Civility of *Young Fox*, I fancy 'tis a Wench of his that he has ſobb'd upon the General for an Officer.

Capt. *Heart.* He has a very Womaniſh Face.

Young F. Upon my Honour, I never ſaw him before to Day, he's a Relation I think, of Mrs. *Bloodmore*, he is Mannerly, and induſtriouſly willing to know his Duty, which made me take a Fancy to the Boy.

Capt. *Wild.* Shall we go and view yonders Battery, that our conceited *French* Ingenier makes ſuch a-do about.

Young F. With all my Heart, ſo we keep within view of my Servant.

Capt. *Heart.* You'll ſoon know whether he ſucceeds in the delivery of your Letter or not.

Young F. If he do's, the Lady's mine, in ſpite of that envious Creature *Leonora.*

Capt. *Wild.* Good Luck attend you.

Capt. *Heart.* He has the Lady of his Side, which is half the Battle.

Young F. And my ſelf to Command her, which is the 'tother half. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *draws to* Bloodmore's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonora.

Leon. I find by *Victoria* expoſing me to Captain *Hearty*, her conſenting to have *Biskett*, is all Hypocriſy, I'm reſolv'd to watch her well, and no Meſſenger from *Young Fox* ſhall enter here without my Examination; what a miſerable Paſſion Love is, like Poverty, it forces us to many mean Actions we are aſham'd on; I have ſome Remorſe on *Victoria*'s Account——and think it ſhocking that ſhe muſt be forc'd to Marry the Man ſhe hates, but what would I not do to gain my *Young Fox.*

Enter

Enter Footman to young Fox.

Foot. [*Aſide*] This muſt be the Lady, by the *Deſcription* my Maſter has given me———Madam, if your Name's *Victoria*, I was order'd to deliver this Letter into your own Hands.

Leon. [*Aſide*] Ha! 'tis *Young Fox*—his Footman—— opening a Letter directed to *Victoria* is Barbarous—— but the little God of Love muſt Anſwer for every Action that Paſſion hurries us to——(*ſhe Reads.*)

MADAM.

CAptain Hearty *has given me ſome Hopes of your not liking the Coxcomb your Parents have provided as a Husband for you; I beg you would give me leave to put it out of the Power of their making you Miſerable;* Hearty *has inform'd me they have agreed you ſhall Marry in the Dark, and if you give me the leaſt Hopes——I'll perſonate the* Santiſta, *and your Father ſhall give you to me; and as it will be his own Act and Deed, I doubt not of his being ſoon reconcil'd to us, for all my Eſtate ſhall be ſettl'd as he thinks fit; if you agree not to this, I am the miſerableſt Wretch now living.* I am,

Your Admirer,

Young Fox.

Leon. Hearke Friend——tell the Major I like his Plot exceeding well, and will punctually obſerve his Letter—— there's ſomething for you Pains—— (*gives him Money.*)

Footm. [*Aſide*] — By this Light, a *Moeda.*

Leon. If you meet any of the Family, deny your Buſineſs here, and to whom you belong to.

Footm. I was order'd by my Maſter, *Madam*, to Forſwear every thing—Lying handſomely was the firſt Qualification he took a liking to me for. [*Exit* Footman.

Leon.

Leon. Admirable cunning Witch, I'll ſpoil their Dark Intrigue, and fit 'em with Hypocriſy; and ſince he will Perſonate this *Biſket*, I'll be his *Victoria*, and make him mine in ſpite of all his cunning Plots.

SCENE *draws to the Camp.*

Enter Bloodmore, *and* Hyland, *and* Cadwallader,

Bloodm. I knew it muſt be a Feint of the Enemy; they had only a mind to change the Situation of their Camp, for the better conveniency of Forrage.

Hyl. Af the *Portugueſe* General were of my Mind, an the *Spaniards* wonnot Attack us, bred we would Attack them.

Cadw. Cot knows, if I was within Arms length of a Tozen of my Enemies, here I wot haf them, and there I wot haf them, till they lookt like a Plew Apron.

Bloodm. Your Bravery Gentlemen wants ſome Conduct to govern it, the Conſequence of a Battle, were we beaten, might be the Ruin of *Portugal*, for the Enemy wou'd March immediately to *Lisbon*.

Hyl. But an we lay'd about us with a geud Will, we wanno leave *Lags* enow for 'em to March thither with Sir.

Cawd. And py my good will many of them ſhoult goe thither without their Heads.

Bloodm. If the whole Army had your Gallantry and Reſolution, much might be done, but in a Number of Men there is always ſome Baſhful ones.

Hyl. Gued Faith, I'll Anſwer for our own Regiment, not a Man of us will duck his Head at a Cannon Ball.

Cadw. Splutter her Nails, I have a Company of polt *Pritains* ſhall make Toaſted Cheeſe of 'em, and devour 'em when they have ton.

Bloodm.

Bloodmore. I hope before the Campaign is over, we ſhall have occaſion to Try their Courage —— have you many Criminals for the Court Martial.

Hyland. Only a Fellow that committed a Rape, with Thieves, and a Deſerter.

Cadwallader. Indeed we want Men, ſo that 'tis for the goot of the Service, to Hang no boty.

Blood. They are Summon'd to appear at my Quarters, and you are Preſident.

Hyland. Yes geu'd Sir, and tis now about the time of meeting, and they can pack out Officers that are well enough to make a Bord.

Enters Young Fox, Wildiſh, Hearty, Outſide, Mathematicks, *and Footmen.*

Y. Fox. (*To his Footman*) thou haſt perform'd wonders, and ſhe was very much pleas'd.

Ser. Prodigiouſly over-joy'd Sir.

Blood. (*Eſpying of them,*) So Gentlemen, you may Sleep in whole Skins, for this Night.

Y. Fox. (Aſide) I am very glad on't, for methinks I'de willingly be Married before I'me knock'd on the Head.

Out. By my Shoule, I did lay a Vager vid mine nowne ſelf, dat dere vid be no Battle, and fait now I have won.

Hy. Wall Sir——(*to Outſide,*) than you will be ſtall at your Irieiſm, wounds Sir, I naver mat a Man of Sance that come out of your Country, but Major *Young Fox* there.

Mathe. He is de very pritty Gentleman, he love de Ingeneer very well.

Out. Arrah, by my Shoul now I have catch'd you dear joy, for he was Born at *Mac Farty*, in the County of *Tiperary*, as well as my ſelf, he did Suck of the ſame Nurſe, he did Eat his Pottatoes out of the ſame Back-Side, and his Bonny-Clabber came from my moders Bull: den how de Devil ſhou'd he have more Sence den I. by St. *Patrick*, he only ſpeaks his vords one way, and I do ſpeak them an oder vay, but we do mean de ſame ting.

Y. Fox. Exactly my dear Country-man.

Blood. You are merry Gentlemen truly.

Mathe. Jerney de Divel if de Enemy no make a de Attack vat vile de Battery ſignifie.

Hy. Jaſt as much Sir, as if they had made an Attack, it would have been of no uſe.

Cad. Cott knows, then it wout have pin like him ſelf.

Mathe. You are de Gentlemens Souldiers, dat know how to mount de *Brech*, beat a de Parley, Exchange a de Hoſſage, make a de Article, and take a de Town, but you know noting of de Fortifications; I am de Gentelmans, dat can make a de Hornwork, and de Crownwork, before de curtain de ſingle Tenaille, de double Tenaille, de Fort, de Citadell, de Mine, and de Draw-Bridge begar, clap a de Ravelin upon de Ravelin, and keep a de Town from a Surrenter, ten Undred Touſand Year.

Cad. If I hat a Prittain in my Company, ſhout tell me ſuch a ſtory, I know what, I wot tell them.

Wil. I have ſeen him throw a Bomb into a Snuff-Box.

Cad. Will you juſtify this to any Shentlemans face Sir.

Mathe. Tis very true begar.

Hearty. Ay, and ſeen him ſhoot a Cannon Ball point blank between a Spaniſh Horſes Legs, and take away nothing but his Tale.

Cad. Are you a Man of Honour Sir, and tell ſuch a parcel of what ſhall I call 'em.

Ma. I remember de ting very well, it was upon de Wager.

Y. Fox. But I ſhall never forget his Blowing up the Citadels without Springing a Mine, or having any Gunpowder to do it with.

Mathe. Oh I had ſerv'd twenty Cittadles ſo before dat.

Cad. Plow up the Cittadle without Gunpowder, there is my Glove, — any Shentleman that will pretent to inſiſt upon the Truth of this tings, py St. *Tavit*, I will have his Plout.

Blood. What do you mean by that.

Cad. I toe mean Sir, that every Soultier ought to pe a Man

of

of Honour, that will ſtant to every thing he ſays, or peg Parten for telling of Lyes; who takes up my Glove.

Blood. Prithee *Cadwallader*, take up the Glove your ſelf, or I ſhall confine you, don't you perceive theſe Gentlemen are merry.

Hy. Can you nos find out Man, that they talk theſe ſtorys to laugh at tha *French-men*, and not affront you Sir, but you would be a better Man than you are, if you could govern your paſſions better.

Cad. Why if the General tos think me in the wrong, Cot knows, I will eat my Glove my ſelf, and kiſs you all roun't, put the *French-man* here.

Mathe. Ha, ha, for all dat, I cannot help tinking my ſelf de greateſt Ingeneer in de hole Vorld, notwithſtanding your Vauborn, Cohorn, and dem Gentlemen.

Hy. Wounds Sir, an I cannot help thinking another thing.

Mathe. Vat is that my good Colonel.

Hy. That you are the conceitedeſt ſally Fellow, that your Country ever bred Sir, and geu'd faith, they have bred abundance.

Out. By my Shoul, and ſo they have Sir, arrah, I know ſeveral of his Country-men, dat have been Born and Bred in *Ireland*, and dey have been very ſilly Fellows, but very great Matematicians by my Shoul.

Y. Fox. Well ſaid my dear Country-man.

Blood. Will theſe Animoſities and Country Reflections never ceaſe, for ſhame Gentlemen, be more united amongſt your ſelves, if you'r ſo mutinous when Sober, ſhure you'r very quarrelſome in your Drink.

Hy. Geu'd faith Sir, Sober or Drunk Ile always ſpeak Truth, and I would have Flatter'd Sir, I woul't have had a Regiment afore now.

Cad. An I whot have pin as unjuſt as other People, I wot have pin very Rich.

Blood. Are all theſe Gentlemen upon the Court Martial.

Hy. Ary Soul on 'm Sir.

Blood. The more haſte you make to diſpatch it in, the more time we ſhall have for Mirth; generous Wine is the great preſervative of our Healths, in theſe Sickly times, and Ile give you a Bottle of the beſt in *Portugal*, ——— come Gentlemen let us March, —— (*he goes out, the reſt of the Company following of him.*)

Out. (To Young *Fox*,) by my Shoul, my dear Major, I was very glad to ſee you, before I did hear you was come from *England.*

Y. Fox. (*Mimicking of him*,) *Arrah*, my dear Countryman, I will be after kiſſing of you, for your Friendſhips.

Out. If I was to Live a Hundred Years, by my Shoul I would tay to morrow, that I might ſerve you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Serjeant, File-off, Belvedera, Clara, Willmot, *and other Shouldiers.*

File-off. So Sir, March 'em this way ——— take long ſtrides, turn out your Toes ——— keep the diſtance of your Pike from 'em, and once in four Steps look back with a ſcornful Countenance, ——— very well, now halt face about upon one Heel, ſtick your Pike in the Ground, ſhake your Head, ——— and with a terrible Voice, cry Silence.

Belve. Silence.

File-off. Now pull out your Snuff-Box, walk pragmatically two or three times along the Front, give your half Pike to your Foot-Boy ——— and Erect your Cane with a ſort of a Floriſh ——— now you may if you pleaſe Swear a Hundred Oaths at each Soldier ——— tho' of late that part of the Diſcipline is left off, for the more Subſtantial one of caning ——— ſee that every Soldier ſtands Erect, turns out his Toes and lets his Firelock hang eaſy on his Shoulders ——— now Sir give your ſelf a few Military Airs.

Belv.

Belv. (Strikes one of the Fellows) is that a Posture for a Gentleman Soldier, Sirrah, (to another) who cockt your Cap for you Dog ha! ——(to another) I'le teach you to rowle your Neckcloth better Villain, (to another) how dare you appear without a powder'd Hair, and a clean Shirt, do you think your Five Pence a Day is allow'd you only to Eat and Drink with Rascal——— to *Willmot*——what the Devil for a Fellow have we got here, Clap your Peice thus Sirrah, your Hand here, and hold up your Head, or I'le knock it off your Shoulders.

Willmot. This is a worse Plague than any I have yet met with. [*aside.*

File-off. Upon my Honour Sir, you take Notice of every thing as exactly, as if you had been a Major this Thirty Years.

Belv. What's the meaning of your Lock being so rusty Sirrah.

Soldier. Why I stood Centry in the Rain, I'm put upon double Duty, and had not time to clean it.

Belv. (Beats him) do you mutter Sirrah, how dare you pretend to give a Reason for any thing I have a mind to find Fault with.

File-off. No General Officer could have said a more Soldier like thing than that.

Clara. I find my Mistress is resolved to be Revenged upon the whole Sex——— (*aside.*

File-off, Now Sir, pray try if you can Remember the Exercise.

Belvedera. Silence——— Clap your Right Hand to your Firelocks.

File-off, (To the Soldiers) altogether there.

Belvedera. Poise your Firelocks ——— to *Willmot*——Villain, Ile stick you if thou dost not mind the Words of Command.

Willmot. I wish he would, that I may be eased of his Damn'd Impertinence. *aside.*

Belv.

Belv. Reſt your Firelocks, Fools, Blockheads, Dogs, do it all together.

File-off. That paſſion of yours is very graceful, and is one of the politeſt parts of the Art Military.

Belv. (Beats *Willmot*) Villain I'le have thee tyed Neck and Heels immediately thou awkward Dog.

Willmot. My Souls above taking a Blow from ſuch a Raſcal as thou art (preſenting his peice) therefore at thy Heart. (*the Serjeant knocks the Peice out of his Hand, and they ſeize him.*

File-off. What is the Fellow Mad, mutinying againſt your Officer, and Conſpiring his Death, thou wilt be Shot my Dear.

Clara. Oh! Heavens what an Eſcape was here.

File-off. If you pleaſe Sir, we'll carry him to the *Provo's* the Court Martial ſits immediately, he may be Condemn'd to Day, and Shot to Morrow.

Willmot. The ſooner the better, I'em weary of my Life, and wiſh to looſe it.

1 *Sold.* Nay, I can come in as a Witneſs to prove he is a Bloody minded Dog.

2 *Sold.* And I heard him ſay when *Roger* and I were talking politickly of our coming from *England* to ſupport the *Portugueze* againſt Arbitary Power, and Popery, and to maintain them in Liberty and Property and ſo forth, he made Anſwer, they might go and be Damn'd.

1 *Sold.* No! he did not ſay ſo bad as that, neither, he only wiſh'd 'em all at the Divel.

Belv. Drag him along Murdering Raſcal, I'le ſee the end of him.

Will. As I would of thee, if I was at Liberty.

Clara. Pray hold him faſt.

File-off. Here——you two March before him —— and you two follow him, if he offers to make his Eſcape Shoot him Dead on the Spot.

1 *Sold.* As a Herring Serjeant, I warrant you—— I have an Old Ninimoſity againſt him, and therefore will be ſure to lodge my Bullets as near his Heart as I can.

File-off.

File-off. (At the Head of 'em) March. *Exeunt all but Belvedera and Clara.*

Clara. 'Tis well he is ſecur'd, I Tremble every Joynt of me, what Dear Madam, could provoke you to run this Hazards.

Belv. Revenge, Revenge my Dear *Clara*, I'm weary of my Life, and ſince I've loſt my *Willmot*, I'le conſpire the Death of all his Sex.

Clara. And ſo dye in the Attempt, pray give o're theſe Bloody minded Reſolutions, confeſs your ſelf a Woman, and lets take the firſt Opportunity of returning to *England.*

Belv. I'm reſolv'd to ſignalize my ſelf before I leave the Army, and let the World ſee how much they are miſtaken in my Sexes Cowardice, Come along *Clara*, I'll gain a Regiment and make thee a Captain.

Clara. Nay Madam, I vow, I think your Courage inſpires me.

Belv. 'Tis about the time I promiſed my Captain to attend him at the Generals, come along my Girl.

How well, how great 'twill look in after *Story*,
When they ſhall read a Woman gain'd this Glory,
To Fight, to Vanquiſh, Govern and Command,
And like a Hero dyed with Sword in Hand. *Exeunt.*

Enter Second Enſigne.

Enſigne. Why, here now have I taken Money for Brandy and gone and loſt it at the Pinch Offices nay, Brandy won't fetch it again, I muſt lug out my livelyhood, the Moment Brother Blunder, comes thats certain——why the Devil, ſhould I grudge Fighting with him for Thirty Shillings, when every Day I venture my Life for Two and Six Pence

(*Enter Blunder.*

Blunder. Oh! your Servant Sir, well where's the Brandy.

2 *Enſigne.*

2 *Enſigne.* Why hav'ent —— you —— got it —— I —— I —— and you hant it, my Dog of a Servant, and ſo you have not got it.

Blunder. Lookey Sir, I'm well aſſur'd neither you nor I have it, you have loſt my Money at the Pinch Office, brag'd of over reaching me, and made me the Laughing Stock of the Company, therefore draw.

2 *Enſigne.* Draw —— ay, with all my Heart, and you poſitively have not had the Brandy, why then I'le make it my Bargain, if I kill you it ſhall be in full of all Accounts, I'le give your Executors and Adminiſtrators no farther Satisfaction —— then Witneſs my Hand and ſo forth.

Blunder. I'le give you a Receipt in full for your Jeſt immediately, come Sir —— *as they are going to Fight, Enter firſt* Enſigne, *his Hat full of Money, goes between 'em.*

1 *Enſigne.* What, becauſe the Enemy won't Fight with us, we muſt Quarrel amongſt our ſelves, muſt we? put up your Swords, or I Swear by the Pinch Office I'le throw a Handful in your Faces and Demoliſh your Countenances, ſo that you ſhall looſe the Uſe of 'em.

2 *Enſigne.* Ha! Gold (throwing away his Sword) Sir I beg my Life with all my Heart, I'm ſorry I have Offended you my Dear Comrade, I adore thee, put on my Hat you'l Catch Cold.

1 *Enſigne.* None of your Coaxing —— here take a Pocket full and pay your Debts.

2 *Enſigne.* There Sir, (to *Blunder*) theres your Paultry Sum, I Scorn to be in any Mans Debt, I Love to pay every Body his own, and no Body can charge me with doing any thing thats unlike a Man of Honour, and an Officer.

Blunder. Why Brother, your Friend and Servant, and ſo forth.

1 *Enſigne.* Do you know of any Body that has a mind to part with a Regiment, I'le either Buy a Regiment or go and keep a Bank.

2 *Enſigne.*

2 *Enſigne.* By all means keep a Bank: If we thrive, there will be Money enough to Buy two Regiments.

Blunder. And if you don't.

2 *Enſigne.* Why we ſhall be juſt in the ſame Condition we were in an Hour ago.

Enter Serjeant File-off.

1 *Enſigne.* Oh! Serjeant did you go to my Man.

File-off. Ay, Sir, and he told me you had Bamboard me, and he was ſure, I was bite: For there had not been a *Moeda* in your green Purſe ſince the laſt Pay Day.

1 *Enſigne.* An Impudent Dog, to Diſgrace his Maſter ſo, I'le pay him his Wages, and force him to carry Arms.——— Here Serjeant, I never let a Man come twice after me for Money.

File-off. I always ſaid you were an Honourable Gentleman———there is a Court Martial at the Generals Quarters. I was order'd by the Preſident to deſire you would all attend there immediately, I ſuppoſe you have been ſummon'd already.

1 *Enſigne.* Adſo, muſt I ſpend none of my Money till the Court Martial is over, that will be a Deviliſh ſelf denyal, but come along.

2 *Enſigne.* Let's be Serious, we are to be Judges of Life and Death.

Blunder. And to Hang Draw and Quarter with our ſelves. [*Exeunt.*

I ACT,

ACT. *The Fifth.*

Scene the Generals.

Enter Mrs. Bloodmore *and* Leonora.

Mrs. *Blood.* I have told the General my Reſolution, and he's well pleas'd they ſhould be Marry'd this Night, he thinks it a very ſilly Whim of the Girl to have the Ceremony perform'd in the Dark, but however I have perſuaded him to conſent to it.

Leon. Since 'tis her Fancy, I would by no means have you againſt it, (*aſide*) *'tis the only Stratagem, I have or can propoſe to make* Young Fox *mine.*

Mrs. *Blood.* After the Court Martial my Husband has invited all the Officers to Sup with him, he'll Steal out, and have the Ceremony perform'd, and then Surprize them with the Wedding.

Leon. Then I hope Mirth will Crown the Evening, (*aſide and much Company will Favour my Deſign.*

Enter Bisket *dreſt like a Fop.*

Bisket. How do you like me now my Dear Mother in Law ——— won't this Sight win her Heart *Leonora.*

Leon. Your dreſs is very Elegant.

Bisket. Do but ſmell how I'm Perfum'd

Mrs. *Blood.* Ah! Dear Son in Law, don't come near me, your Perfumes ſtrikes me Dead, I'm all over Vapours.

Bisket, High day, good lack, why then my Eſſence is become a Nuſance, I am ſorry I put my ſelf to the Charge of Offending you, and wiſh with all my Heart, I had, as I us'd to do.

Leon.

Leon. Your Natural ſmell will ſoon get the better of thoſe Stinking Sweets.

Bisket. I Vow, I hope they will, I proteſt I thought Perfumes had been a Mark of Gentility.

Mrs. *Blood.* Well the General has agreed to all our Propoſals, your Mrs. has conſented, and therefore you may in a few Hours prepare to be Happy. *I muſt about my Family Affairs.* Exit.

Bisket. I don't care how ſoon the Ceremony is over, —— for I met that Terrible looking Fellow, my Rival juſt now, and he caſt ſuch an inveterate Eye at me, that my poor Heart has Flutter'd up and down like a wild Jack Daw in a Wicker Cage ever ſince.

Leon. Oh! theres no fear of him, I'le take care he ſhall not moleſt you, 'tis your Miſtreſſes pleaſure you ſhould Marry in the Dark, the Company is to be ſurpriz'd with your good Fortune, for you are to ſteal out one by one —— Ile tell you when 'tis your cue.

Bisket. Adad very pretty, that will be wiping the Majors Noſe with one of my own Handkerchiefs. Thou art a delicate Creature Mrs. *Leonora*, and for your good Offices, I proteſt when my Wife dyes, you ſhall be my Second, if you pleaſe, *(aſide) tho' I'de as live be Married to the Divel.*

Leon. Well, when that Day comes I ſhall Claim your promiſes, *(aſide)* the Death to me would be much pleaſanter than ſuch a Coxcomb —— *(to him)* come Sir, we'll go to your Miſtreſs, keep cloſe to her, leaſt ſhe Changes her mind.

Bisket. Oh! When ſhe ſees me thus compleatly dreſt, 'twill be impoſſible for her to deny me any thing, methinks I do look very bewitchingly *Leonora.*

Leon. I have much ado, to keep from admiring of you.

Bisket. Say'ſt thou ſo poor Girls, why then I won't look lovely on you, but Squint when I turn towards you.

Leon. Come keep your fine Words, and look for your Victoria.

Bisket. I proteſt and ſo I will. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Provo's, *ſeveral Criminals,* Willmot *in Chains with a Guard. And Soldiers Wives (Before they came in) they Cry make way there.*

Provo. Stand by, have a nice Eye upon that Dogget Fellow, he has a very hanging look.

1 *Trull.* Ah! my Dear Husband, I'm the Unfortunateſt Woman in the World, to be Married to Eleven, and to have 'em all come to untimely ends, 'tis a great grief.

2 *Trull.* No, no, 'tis no misfortune to you, its what you have been us'd too, and uſe is a ſecond Nature, but I that have had thirteen Husbands, and the laſt only to come to an ill end, 'tis a Terrible diſmal horrid Story, ſo it is.

1 *Crim.* Prithe hold thy Tongue, I'd rather Dye then be ſent Sick to the Hoſpital, as for you Moll an I'm Condemn'd I bequeath you to my Comrade.

2 *Trull.* Ah, good now, dont Dear Salt Petre, any Body but he my good Husband.

1 *Crim.* Hold your Tongue Fool, 'tis my laſt Will and Teſtament, and I will have it obey'd or I wont Dye quietly.

2 *Trull.* Crys.

2 *Crim.* Well *Alice,* my laſt Dying Speech is e'n Marry whom you will, all my comfort is when I'm once Hang'd I can't be Married to you again.

1 *Trull.* Ah, ah, I knew you were near your end by your talking ſo light headedly about the Wife of your Boſom.

1 *Crim.* Well, Hanging to me is a ſtrange thing, I'm like a Fiſh out of Water—— and don't know whether I ſhould Repent of my Sins before I'm Condemn'd or after.

2 *Crim.* Ah, the ſooner you begin the better, for you have a Woundy many to anſwer for, now thank my Stars my Conſcience is not much troubl'd, I have only the Common Army Sins, of Whoring, Drinking, Thieving and Murder, lye at my Door.

Willmot.

Willmot. Oh! Horrid—— ſuch Wicked Wretches I never met with, the Miſery of ſuffering with 'em, is more than the Pains of Death can be—— well Fellow, what do we ſtand here for, why don't you lead on.

Provo. I Loyter the time away that you may prepare your ſelf for Dying, for you will be Hang'd Friend, very ſuddenly.

Willmot. Make haſt and lead me to it, I wiſh for't, that I may be rid of thee, Raſcal.

Provo. Lookey, and you don't give good Words, you ſhan't be Hang'd this Week, nay, may be never.

1 *Crim.* The Divels in the Fellow I think, for provoking of him, would I was over Head and Ears in Death, and then I ſhould be out of my Pain.

2 *Trull.* I'm ſure I ſhall have no Comfort of my Life till 'tis over with you either one way or other.

Provo. Come —— March on—— (*they go out in the order they came in, and the Women Cry*)

SCENE Draws to the Generals

A Table and Chairs for the Court Martial.

Enter Judge Advocate, and his Clerk.

Judge. Come take out the Copy of all the Courts Martial and lay the Articles of War, and the Book to Swear Witneſſes with, in their proper order, we have but little Buſineſs to Day, no intricate perplexing matters, nothing but down Right Sentence of Death, it will be ſoon over.

Clerk. Ah, there's a great deal of pleaſure in our Trade, where a Man's Life depends upon one ſingle Article, a Sentence of Death is given in a Moment, but when they come to ſending and proving it occaſions a great deal of Writing.

Enter

Enter Colonel Hyland, *Major* Outside, Young Fox, Cadwallader, Wildish, Hearty, Mathematicks Blunder, Rag, Standard, *and three other Officers to make up the Court-Martial.*

Hy. Come bonny Lads — tak your Seſſions according to'll your qualities; our Officers are ſo Sackly that we were forc't to Summons aw you ſubalterns: come ſeat your ſals. Wall Mr. *Judge*, lat us begin as ſoon as you pleaſe.

Judge. Gentlemen, you are by Virtue of a Warrant, Sign'd by the General, to inquire into all Complaints and Miſdemeanours that ſhall come before you; and upon Witneſs or Confeſſion of the Party: you are to proceed to give judgment, according to the Articles of War. You have already been Sworn Gentlemen and may proceed.

Hy. Have you a Liſt of the Priſoners, and their Crimes.

Clerk. It lyes before your Honour.

Cad. Here give it me, I will look it over.

Hy. (Snatches it from him,) waund's, thats whan I have done with it Sir.

Cad. Coot now, what a paſſion her is in, if we were not upon puiſſneſs, hur coutbe in as great a paſſion as her ſelf, Cot knows.

Hy. Well my Ladds, an you thank fat we'll gang upon the Affairs.

Alto. As ſoon as you pleaſe.

Judge. Call in *John Tinder-Box*, and the Witneſſes againſt him.

Enter 1 Criminal, *and two* Witneſſes.

Clerk. (To the Witneſſes,) come here you. *(He makes as if he Swears 'em.*

Judge. Friend — what have you to ſay againſt the Priſoner, —— ſtand forward.

1 Wit.

1 Wit. *Excelentiſſimos* Eſta Ladrono, Diabolo Soldada *vincæ, me a cauſaitomar um porca & todos : neos couſes — per mangero — ſe ſenhor procerto.*

Out. By my Soule dear joy, I do not think he is a good Vitneſs, for as de Fellow muſt be Try'd by the Laws of his own Country, ſo it ought to be upon de Allegatory of de Vitneſſes of his own Country too.

Y. Fox. Well ſaid Country-man.

Cad. Look here now, this is a nice point, and a very knotty part of the Law.

Hy. Geu'd Sir, and you underſtand *Portugueze* as, wile as oy you'd fin'd the Priſoner that is before you has been a Rogue that has Stole aw the Fellows Vittals ; I think we ſhould agree to Hang him ; what Defance have you to mak for your ſal Sir.

Crimi. Why and pleaſe your Judge-ſhip, none a tall, but that he's a *Papiſt.*

Cad. Well that is a pritty Court Reaſon too.

Y. Fox. And your hatred to his Religion made you Steal his Proviſions.

Crimi. I Plunder'd him out of pure Zeal, Noble Major ; beſides, I muſt have Starv'd if I had not don't, ſo I plead the General Statute, which is, Neceſſity has no Law.

Cap. Wil. Why are you not Pay'd your Subſiſt.

Cri. Why not enough to Subſiſt on : one Year indeed I have a new Coat, next Year I make a Weſcoat on't, the third Year a pair of Britches, and after that, it makes a Cap ; the Commiſſary of the Stores makes my Captain pay *four* and *Six pence* for an *Iriſh* pair of Shoes, worth a *Half* a *Crown*, and he ſtops but *five Shillings* out of my Subſiſt, for 'em.

Cap. Hearty. The Fellow looks as if he'd tells us our own.

Crimi. I have heard of contingencies, and Peoples doing juſtice, but I never met with any thing but Stopages and Hardſhips.

Judge. Friend, the Court has been ſo favourable, as to give you the liberty of Juſtifying your ſelf, inſtead of which you are accuſing other Folks.

Crimi.

Crimi. No Sir, I'me only ſhowing you that their Stealing from me, is the main cauſe of my Stealing from others

Mathe. He is a damn'd Rogue, he ought to be Hang't for ſpeaking againſt all de perquiſites of de Army,

Cad. Cot knows you are a Man of pritty Conſcience, to Hang a Gentleman Soultier, for ſpeaking truth.

Judge. (*To the other Witneſs*) are you a Witneſs Friend.

2 *Wi.* I'me the Interpreter to this *Portugueze*, and will Swear any thing he ſays.

Hy. Ye may all with-draw, Sir, charge the Provo; with his Priſoner there.

Crimi. (*To the Clerk*) Sir here's half a Cruſade for you, only to tell me how you think it will go with me.

Clerk. Why friend, you know I'me Sworn to Secreſy, but provided you'll never declare it to any Body, I will tell you.

Crimi. Not I, upon my Soul Sir.

Clerk. Then you'll certainly be Hang't, as I'me now alive.

Crimi. Sir I thank you, it ſhall go no further for me. [*Exeunt* Criminal *and* Witnes,]

Judge. Call in Strait up, and the Witneſſes againſt him.

Wil. Thats your fine Gentleman I think *Young Fox.*

Y. Fox. Yes truly a very fine Fellow, he would have Murdered his Officer.

Enter Willmot, Belvedera, *and* File-off.

Judge. Stand there Sir, what have you to ſay againſt the Priſoner.

Belve. As I was upon my Duty, Exerciſeing ſome Souldiers, this Fellow behav'd himſelf very Awkwardly, and with an air of ſtubborneſs, for which I very gently Corrected him; he immediately preſented his Peice at me, and if it had not been for the Serjeant here, had Shot me through the Head.

File-off. Yes had I not prevented him, he had lodg'd a brace of Bullets in my Officers Skull.

Hy.

Hy. Wounds Sir, this was an insolancy that an you had ran him through the Body Sir, or cut him to pieces, ye had been justified, but we'll take care to see him Hang'd, as an Example to aw bloody Rogues.

Cad. Cat knows I am for Roasting him alive, hat you the Diste pefore your Eyes, you Villain you.

Out. By my Shoul he sholt be twenty Years hanging upon a Gibbet, and then he will die a lingering Death.

Mathe. Jerney blew serve him, like de Protestant in *France*.

Will. Gentlemen I'me sensible this Court has great Power, and therefore are Judges of Life and Death, I have long been weary of my Life, and wish't to have lost it Nobly in the Feild, I was never us'd to Blows, and therefore the insolence of this young Fellow provok'd the Passion, which led me into that rash Action; and since your Sentence is pass'd on me, Ile die contented, —— but know, I'me a Gentleman of a plentiful Estate, and good Family, in *Cornwall*: I was impos'd on by an ungrateful Woman, whom I long had lov'd, her ulage forc'd me from my native Country, and was the cause of this my shameful Sentence! O cruel barbarous *Belvedera*.

Belve. Oh Heavens, what do I hear; (*She Swounds in the Sergeants Arms.*)

T. Fox. (*Rises*) what ails the young Fellow.

Belve. (*Recovers,*) Oh! *Willmot*, *Willmot*, wretched most wretched *Belvedera*.

Will. Ha, did she say *Belvedera*, fool that I was, not to find her out; 'tis she, 'tis she, the perjur'd, charming, false, deluding *Belvedera*.

T. Fox. 'Tis indeed a Woman, and a very soft bewitching one.

Hy. Waunds an Woman begin to turn Officers, 'tis time for Men to gang home about their Affairs.

Judge. The Clock has struck One, so we must Adjourn the Court, till to Morrow at Ten.

Out. By my Shoul, tis high time to Adjourn a Court, ven ſo intricate an Affair as this comes upon us.

Cad. Cot knows, tis a point in Law, put if I was alone, py my ſhelf, I could decite it to poth their ſatisfactions.

Mathe. 'Tis de very knotty point, a Begar ve don't know vedere he is to be Married, or Hang'd.

Will. Her fits are very ſtrong, for Heavens ſake, call the Ladies, and acquaint the General with this accident to him, I'me known.

Wil. That ſhall be my Arrant.

T. Fox. If you have an opportunity, acquaint *Victoria* with our deſign. [*aſide.*

Wil. You may may aſſure your ſelf I will.

[Exit *Wildiſh.*

Belve. (Recovers) Oh ! where's my *Willmot.*

Will. Here profidious Charmer.

Belve. Have I run all the hazards in the World, to find thee out, repented of my ill-uſage to thee, and thus far followed you to take away your Life, 'tis a grief I never can ſurvive.

[Enter *Clara.*]

Clara. — Oh ! Heavens, what ails my dear Lady.

Belve. Oh! *Clara,* ſee there my *Willmot,* no ſooner found, but loſt, and 'tis by my proſecution he muſt ſuffer Death.

Clara. Say not ſo my dear Lady.

Hy. Wounds Madam, and that be your greif; we ſhall never Hang a Man for a Woman, an you had been a real Officer, geu'd faith aw his Eſtate ſhou'd not have bought his Life.

Belve. And is he not to ſuffer Death.

Hy. An you dono kall him with kindneſs, he may live till he's weary of you.

Out. By my Shoul, that is all our opinions.

Cad. Nay and it is mine too.

Enter

Enter Brigadeer, Bloodmore *Mrs.* Bloodmoore, Leonora, *and afterwards* Wildiſh, *and* Victoria.

Wil. (To *Victoria*,) nothing can redeem you but that.

Blood. Willmot, my dear friend, it is with wonder and ſurprize, I've heard your ſtory.

Will. See there Sir, is your Neice *Belvedera.*

Woman. *Belvedera.*)

Mrs. *Blood.* I'me all-amazement, come to my Arms, my deareſt Child.

Vict. Couſin, this is Romantick truly.

Blood. Have you ſerv'd me ſo; Mad-cap, you are under my command now, and I'le take care to give you a Poſt for Life, there *Willmot* liſt her, under you, and if ſhe offers to deſert the Court Martial ſhe brought you too, is ſtill in being.

Come Gentlemen, this is a joyful day, you have been Judging on Life and Death; you now ſhall at the ſame Table, try the cauſe over a Bottle, ſome Wine here, pray uſe no Ceremony, you all are welcome.

Leon. Obſerve Madam, how he eyes her, (to Mr. *Bloodmore*,) if you haſten not the Match, he certainly will find a means to brake it off, and then ſhe's miſerable.

Mr. *Blood.* The Chaplain is in the Parlour waiting for 'em, it ſhall be done immediately. [*Enter* Bisket.]

Bis. A Woman my friend, Mr. *Hickum-buz*, a Woman at laſt, and my Couſin that is to be adad; if I had known that as we Travel'd, I ſhould have made uſe of the opportunity of lying in the ſame Room with her.

Mrs. *Blood.* (To her Husband,) My dear I have particular Reaſons, for haſtening the Marriage, the Chaplain waits for you in the Alcove, and the Room is darken'd.

Blood. It ſhall be done forthwith —— (*to them*,) come Gentlemen, pray drink about, Colonel *Hyland*, my Service to you, this Couples health, (*pointing to* Willmot, *and* Belvedera,) —— I muſt beſt your Pardons, for a Moment, I'le wait of you again, before the Bottle goes round, and we will

be very merry (*to Bisket*) unobſerv'd, do you follow me into the Alcove, the Chaplain waits for you.

[*Exit* Bloodmore.]

Bis. He ſhan't wait long for me, I warrant you.

Vict. So my Fathers gone, they need not have bid me counterfeit a Swound, Heavens knows I ſoon ſhall do it naturally.

T. Fox. The Generals gone, which a cue for me. [*Exit.*]

Vict. (Swounds away, in her Mothers Arms.)

Mrs. *Blood.* Ha, what ails the Child.

Leon. Her Sownding away was a lucky accident, and *Young Fox*, now muſt certainly be mine. [*Exit.*]

Bis. So, ſo, ſhe comes to her ſelf, (*ſpeaks to her,*) I'le go to Father, you'll follow dearey.

Vict. Immediately.

Bis. Ah *Bisket*, thou art a happy dog. [*Exit.*]

Mr. *Blood.* So how is it my dear.

Belve. Her Pulſe are very quick.

Vict. Oh! I muſt have a little Air, or I ſhall Faint again.

Mrs. *Blood.* Your Father waits for you.

Vict. Oh! The open Air Madam, or I ſhall die. (Mrs. *Bloodmore*, and *Belvedera* lead her out.)

Hy. The Women are all bewitch'd with ſownding away, come Mr. *Willmot*, will you drink a Bottle, at the ſame Table, you had like to be Condemn'd at.

Will. There is a ſtrange turn in my affairs, truly.

Cad. Cot knows, the tuty of a Husbant, is as grevious, as that of a Granadeer, there is a goot deal of ſlavery in poth Services.

Out. By my Shoul, Mr. *Willmot*, I can by my own knowledge, foretel, that your Life hether-too, has been a very odd ſort of a one.

Mathe. Begar, de Shentilman come into the Army, to avoid his Maſtreſs, — 'tis very like a my caſe, for I come here to avoid my Wiſe Begar, and ſhe is de Officer when ever ſhe pleaſſes.

Wil. Come *Hearty*, here's ſucceſs to young *Fox*.

Capt. *Hearty.* We ſhall either be very merry, or blown up, my Heart akes for him. *Out.*

Outside. By my Shoul, he is my Towns-Man, and my Heart does ake for him always, vedere he is in danger or not.

Mathe. He is de very pretty Gentleman, he has de very good underſtanding, and he ſeem very much pleas'd vid my Battery, he has a pretty ſmattering in the Mattematicks, alone *Bouvont Chante* (he Sings.)

Cudw. Cot pleſs hur, what a ſilly Language is here, come, her will Sing her a *Welch* Song, ſet to the Muſick of *Wales*, he Sings.

Outside. By my Shoule Dear Joy, where is de *Engliſh* of that now.

Cudw. Catt knows, 'tis an Original, and you have no *Engliſh* that can expreſs it.

Hyl. Well, of aw your Songs, theres neen like the Bag-Pipe, *Tweedales* of *Sawny* and *Jocky*.

Enter Mrs. Bloodmore, Victoria, *and* Belvedera.

Mrs. *Blood.* So my Dear, I'm glad to ſee you recover'd, your Father and Mr. *Bisket* wait impatiently for you in the Alcove, the Rooms are Darken'd on purpoſe as you deſir'd.

Victoria. What will be the end of this Days Work, and what has *Young Fox* done, to ſave me from the Coxcomb ha —— (*Enter* Young Fox, *he ſmiles on her, and ſteals to his Place at the Table*) he ſeems, pleas'd, and comes from the Parlour; then ſure I may venture to advance Madam (*to her Mother*) I hope you'll attend me to my Father.

Mrs. *Blood.* Moſt willingly my Dear.

Victoria. And my Dear Couſen too, (they go towards the Stage Door. *Bloodmore* ſpeaks without.)

Bloodmore. You would have the Frolick of being Married in the Dark, but I'le lead you to the light, and we will be very Merry.

Mrs. *Blood.* What ſays my Husband.

He enters with Bisket *in one Hand, and* Leonora *in the other.*

Blood. Hell and Furies, what a miſtake is this.

Leon. Torment and Confuſion. am I outwitted, Condemn'd to this Coxcomb.

Bisket. Ah Gemini, I have brought my Hogs to a Fair Market, Couſend by ſuch a——ſo ſo Creature, when my Head

Head run of nothing but the Beautiful *Victoria*, I'le go and Hang my ſelf, and ſo be Divorc'd. [*Exit.*

Leon. See how the Monſter Triumphs in his Looks, I'le go where I may never ſee him more. [*Exit.*

Blood. Who can unfold this trickiſh Riddle.

Mrs. *Blood.* I fear *Victoria* is deeply concern'd in this Plot, I know ſhe hated *Biſket* Mortally.

Blood. Did ſhe ſo, why then I'm glad ſhe miſs'd him.

T. Fox. Ha! Theres ſome hopes for me, ſo I muſt Beg your Pardon, when I tell you I was the cauſe of this miſtake, I doated on your Daughter, but by the ill natur'd Contrivances of *Leonora*, found it was impoſſible to make my Addreſſes known, hearing your Daughter deſir'd to be Married in the Dark, I Directed a Letter for her, but took care it ſhould fall into *Leonora*'s Hands, wherein I offer'd to perſonate the Santiſta, ſhe believing I would drop into the Snare I lay'd for her, which was the only means I e're could hope to ſave *Victoria* from the Man ſhe hates.

Blood. I did indeed deſign *Biſket* for my Daughters Husband, but ſince you have order'd otherwiſe Sir, I ſhall be proud of your Alliance, I knew your Father well, and your Behaviour in the Army has not leſſen'd my Eſteem of your Family, here *Victoria*, ſince he has taken this Pains about you I think he deſerves you.

T. Fox. I Receive her with all the Joy imaginable.

Victoria. Very much with my Inclinations I am ſure.

Mrs. *Blood.* Nay, ſince 'tis ſo, I wiſh you happy.

Hyland. May ye be as happy, as 'tis poſſible for Married Folks to be. [*Enter Meſſenger.*

Meſſ. Sir, I was ſent Expreſs from the Generals at *Eſtremos* with this Packet.

Blood. (*Reads*) Ha!——then the ſhow is over, and theres no more Work for us, Gentlemen here's an Order to Proclaim a Ceſſation of Arms for Four Months, between *Britain*, *France* and *Spain*.

Hyl. Wounds Sir, then I'le gang to *Edinborough*, and live cheap upon half pay.

Out

Outside. By my Shoule, I will go into the Country of *Tiperary*, where I can live cheaper than you, for fait now I can live for nothing.

Cadw. I will go to my Seat in *Wales*, and keep my hant in with Shooting of Hares and Rabbits, and Wild Fowls, I will fatten my ſelf up with *Welch* Ale, and pray for another War.

Mattematicks. Vat muſt the poor *French* Gentleman do.

Hyl. You muſt take Lodgingings in *Soho* Sir, make Perriwigs, and ſhave for 2 Pence.

Capt. He. Thank our Stars *Wildiſh*, ours is an old Regiment, and we ſhall be turn'd adriſt laſt.

Blunder. We poor Subs have but a diſmal proſpect.

Belv. Well Brother Lieutenant, 'tis better than Fighting of Duels tho'.

Cadw. Truly Fair Laty it was a coot Jeſt, that I mait up the matter, or he woot have pin too ſtrong for you.

1 *Enſigne.* Come Brother let's ſteal off, for I am very uneaſy with all this Money in my Pocket.

Blood. Come Gentlemen after ſo long a War, 'tis high time that we ſhould all retire, that our Nation may Recruit the Blood and Treaſure they have loſt.

The Turns and Toſſes that we meet Abroad,
In our Retirement Pleaſure will Afford.
Britains have gain'd in War a Glorious Name,
And Soldier will be Eccho'd out by Fame.
But ſince the Nations Welfare to Encreaſe,
All Hoſtile Jarrs and Warlike Acts muſt ceaſe,
The Sons of *Mars* ſhall be rever'd in Peace.

End of the Fifth ACT.

THE

THE

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. *Mountfart.*

THE Gay, the Gaudy Bluſtering Man of War,
Thinks no Body can Act his Character;
But I, you ſee am turn'd an Officer.
Can Huff and Strut with Military Art,
And paſs at leaſt amongſt you for a Smart.
No Warlike Weapons are to me unknown,
To Prime—to Charge—and Cock let me alone, } Here ſhe does the Motions with Fuzee.
I'le Exerciſe with any one in Town.
And tell you how much Powder, how much Ball,
Will load the biggeſt Cannon of them all.
Can take a Counterſcarp or Cover'd Way,
Entrench by Night, and can Attack by Day.
Then make a Breach, and reſolutely venter,
That Breach to Mount, and Sword in Hand to Enter.
Throw all my Men into a hollow Square,
And briskly for the Enemy prepare.
Retreat with Conduct, and if e're I run,
My General ſhall be the foremoſt Man.
What Warriour of you all has more to ſay,
Or has pretenſions juſter to half pay.
Beſides its probable our Cour. may ſtand.
'Tis pity all theſe Playere ſhould Diſband.
We're the laſt rais'd Regiment you have ſeen,
But fuller much, than any here has been.
There is no Faggots, and he has not Stole,
One Character to fill his Muſter Role.
The Cloathing is to him no perquiſite,
Nor by a Roguiſh Agent are we Bitt.
Our Reckonings off, our Clearings and Subſiſt,
Are Tempting Sums, he always will reſiſt.
He Sews for nothing but the Common Pay,
A full Third Night, and for ſake I pray,
E'en through him into that a good Sixth Day.

FINIS